WALSINGHAM;

OR,

THE PUPIL OF NATURE.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

By

MARY ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF ANGELINA—HUBERT DE SEVRAC—
THE WIDOW—VANCENZA, &c. &c. &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

1797.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
78
OCT

INDEX to the POETRY.

VOL. I.

Penelope's Epitaph.	Page 46
The Snow Drop.	53
Imitation of Spencer.	72
Farewel to Glenowen.	106
A Reflection.	259
Sonnet.	286
Stanzas, on Jealouſy.	290
Sonnet.	321

VOL. II.

The Savage Hunter.	49
A Reflection.	222
Stanzas, to Love.	235
Burleſque Fragment.	243
Burleſque Sonnet.	246
Stanzas, to Neglect.	290

VOL.

VOL. III.

	Page
Stanzas, on Reft.	11
Stanzas, on the World.	65
Impromptu, on Woman.	161
Ode.	164
The Doublet of Grey.	197
Burlefque Stanzas.	248
Sonnet.	277

VOL. IV.

Stanzas, to Fortune.	15
The Exile.	64
A Madrigal.	128
My Native Home.	226
Sonnet, to Night.	239

WALSINGHAM;

OR,

THE PUPIL OF NATURE.

LETTER I.

To the Reverend ARTHUR AINSFORTH.

Aix la Chapelle, Nov. 1791.

You tell me to bear my misfortunes with resignation; a parent counsels an ill-fated son, and he has not resolution to obey him. The magnitude of my sorrow overwhelms the faculties of reason; I cannot reflect on the past without agony: I have no prospect before me, but irremediable despair.

I often think that I could, with fortitude, have borne any other calamity;

that I could have reſiſted the fierceſt torrents of oppreſſion, ſtruggled with all the tortures of corporeal ſuffering; and bowed with reſignation to the worſt ſorrows of adverſity. Is it vanity, or want of ſelf knowledge that miſleads me?—Both. Yet I am aſhamed of the yielding deſpondency which enervates my mind, at the ſame moment that I feel incapable of reſiſting its approaches.

What is philoſophy? What is that vaunted ſtoiciſm which experience pretends to inculcate and wiſdom eſſays to practiſe? Can it teach the tortured imagination to conjure up chimeras, whoſe potent ſkill ſhall lull it into apathy? Can it inſtruct the ſoul to contemn the taunts of conſcience? Can it check the tear which nature impels to flow? Or has it the magical power to bid the throbbings of memory ſubſide, while the fountain of the heart is yet warmed by circulation? If philoſophy

cannot

cannot enable us to brave the miſeries of feeling, as well as the viciſſitudes of fortune, what is it but an airy ſhield, mocking the vanity of human fortitude, and decorating that breaſt which it has not power to render invulnerable?

Why was I thrown upon the vaſt and troubled world, without hope, and at an age when the mind, like the tender branch, bends to the rude touch of the pitileſs aſſailant? Why was I taught to experience the anguiſh of regret, before my mental faculties were ſtrong in reaſon, and rendered capable of combating the viciſſitudes of fortune? I was born to ſorrow; I was nurſed with tears: ſolitude was the ſilent cheriſher of affliction; and I ruſhed into the buſy world trembling, fearful, ſuſpicious, and diſguſted: prejudice my companion, and wounded pride the inmate of my boſom. From ſuch a being what could be expected? The elaſtic nerve which conveys energy to

the human heart, was ſtrained by perſecution till its powers of action were nearly annihilated.—I ſhrunk, I yielded, before I had learnt to exerciſe the virtue of reſiſtance.

Yet, O Truth! divine and immutable Truth! thou haſt been my guide, my monitor, when the lucid moment of reaſon triumphed over the dark and gloomy paſſions: thou haſt wrung my ſoul to agony, when I beheld the horrid retroſpect; where hatred, pride, revenge, and madneſs moved on in terrible ſucceſſion! Yet I have ſtudied thy precepts; I have practiſed them; hard taſk for one born to dependence! unwelcome aſſociate for him whom deſtiny has led through the devious paths of folly and diſſimulation; one hour pelted by the ſtorms of fortune, and the next dazzled by hopes that never can be realized. Why I have endured my miſeries and tamely lived, day after day, ſickening in one dull round of

ſorrow,

ſorrow, needs no explanation: you are not a ſtranger to the *ſombre* progreſs of my ſufferings; you will ſhortly, very ſhortly, witneſs their termination: fortitude is exhauſted: a perpetual warfare between the paſſions of the ſoul and the energies of reaſon has debilitated the latter, while the former grow into vigour, and riot over the ſubſervient ſenſes with unabating violence.

There is an evil power which attends the actions of ſome men, ſo undefinable, ſo like the potent hand of deſtiny, that reſiſtance is baffled by the deſpair to vanquiſh; and they yield to its influence merely becauſe it has hitherto been triumphant: that power has long aſſailed me: I ſought to oppoſe, I endeavoured to deſtroy it: a combat, fierce and determined, has not diminiſhed its ſtrength, though it has left my mind feeble and exhauſted: I yield, from the dreadful conviction that—I *muſt* periſh.

You counſel me to divert my mind, to reſiſt the fatigue of inceſſant rumination: if I abjure the exerciſe of thought, what is to be its ſubſtitute? Am I to waſte a few remaining days in trivial diſſipation? or to grow torpid in the perpetual ſpells of habitual apathy? Is not annihilation preferable to ſuch reſources? Can the mere powers of reſpiration be termed life, while the fibres of the heart are benumbed by a cold and creeping languor? I ſhudder, I ſhrink from inanity! Why ſhould I inhabit a ſpeck in this buſy ſphere when I ceaſe to act my part, to exerciſe my mental ſtrength, to benefit mankind, and to dignify my nature.

You know that my misfortune is not to be meliorated; all the vaunted reſolution of man cannot reverſe the dark unerring mirror, which ſhews me what I am! Ignorance might have veiled the gloomy colour of thoſe features, which know-

knowledge has, too late, instructed me to contemplate. Were my griefs remediable, I might, by progressive efforts, subdue their magnitude; but they are the hydra assailants which return with every hour; time sickens as they pass, while the perspective which they leave behind only vanishes to return again with accumulated horrors!

I am the child of sorrow, the victim of deception. I have been culpable, but not vicious; resentful, but not vindictive. Mine have been the errors of a too vivid imagination; the miseries of sensibility, acute, but not indiscriminate. It is not from the multitude that I derive my anguish; the senseless throng, and the gaudy ephemera of prosperous days, never had power to sting me—for they were not my associates! Cold and cheerless sorrow has been my companion; and the shaft which pierced my bosom

was winged by a reſiſtleſs hand—the hand of nature.

Since my reſidence on the continent, I have endeavoured to mingle with ſociety; I am forlorn, but not miſanthropic; dejected, but not ſplenetic: there is an infinite difference between the uncomplaining ſadneſs of deſpondency and the peeviſh inquietude of a capricious imagination. What are the ſenſations I excite? Curioſity and pity. Pity! that miſerable boon which humanity beſtows in ſilence, but which oſtentation delights in diſplaying; while all the proud indignant throbbings of the wounded heart unite to repulſe the arrogant intruder. If there be a pang more terrible than death, a poiſon more ſubtle than the deſtructive aconite, a humiliation more poignant than contempt, or a torture more acute than the ſting of ingratitude, it is the agoniſing taunt which mocks philan-

philanthropy, the pity of the cold and oſtentatious boſom.

If I ſometimes ſteal from the ſocial ſcenes of life, it is owing to my dread of diffuſing a gloom over the aſpect of ſurrounding objects: the pale and ſickly hue of melancholy muſt be obtruſive where all elſe is vivid, animated, glowing! I feel, yes, I feel that I am fit only for myſelf!

Your letter of introduction has procured for me the attentions of Mr. Harland and his amiable family. Roſanna is a being of the very firſt order! Senſible, ingenuous, and unaffected.—There is a pleaſing penſiveneſs in her manner, which acts in uniſon with the preſent temper of my mind, and by congeniality of ſentiment, alleviates that which never can be wholly cured. Oh, Memory! buſy, barbarous demon! reſtleſs, inexorable tormentor! when wilt

thou let me ſteal a moment from myſelf and thee?——Never!

Farewell! Heaven bleſs you!

WALSINGHAM AINSFORTH.

LETTER II.

Mrs. HARLAND *to* ARTHUR AINSFORTH.

4th Dec. 1791.

You deſired me, my dear ſir, to receive and to conſole your ſon; the feeling heart ſhrinks not when merit and affliction unite to claim its ſympathies, its affections: I lament that Mr. Ainsforth's ſtate of mind requires the aſſiduities of either.

Since his arrival in Germany, his dejection of mind has rather augmented than decreaſed. His ſenſes ſeem tinc-

tured

tured with that poiſonous melancholy which, I fear, neither time nor ſociety will have power to remove. What is to be done? Such a being muſt not be loſt: I know not how to ſolace his deſpair; and I tremble while I anticipate the termination of his ſorrows.

When I behold the ill-fated Walſingham, I am almoſt induced to indulge that ſcepticiſm which would diſpute the juſtice of Heaven. Gifted with all the graces of nature, young, enlightened, amiable, and humane, punctilious in honour, poliſhed in manners, generous almoſt to prodigality, and brave even to romantic enthuſiaſm; yet perſecuted with a rigour unexampled, and bowed even to the grave by ſorrow! Are theſe the rewards of virtue?

You ſay that he is the victim of deception; is it poſſible that a mind ſo cultivated ſhould turn from that reaſon and that philoſophy which preſent their unit-

ed powers of reſiſtance. It cannot be checked in the warm purſuits of youthful animation, a temporary gloom may darken his preſent proſpects, but the miſt will fade before the eye of reſignation, and he will be tranquil, if not happy.

Mr. Ainsforth ſets out to-morrow for Luxemburg; he talks of important buſineſs which demands his attention; we are only anxious to ſooth his afflictions; to interrogate, would be to irritate their poignancy. I dare not queſtion him on the ſubject of his journey; the griefs of ſuch a ſufferer, while they wring his boſom, are its ſureſt ſafeguards againſt the touch of perſecution. To-morrow I will conclude my letter.

5th Dec. 1791.

Half an hour only has elapſed ſince Mr. Ainsforth's departure. He has left us, lamenting his abſence and adoring his

his virtues! His laſt words faultered on his lips, and he trembled as he bade us farewell. The myſtery which envelopes his ſorrows, diffuſes over them an accumulated ſhade that makes conjecture painful: whatever the cauſe may be, the boſom which would not participate in its effect muſt indeed be torpid. Adieu.

JEMIMA HARLAND.

LETTER III.

ROSANNA *to* WALSINGHAM.

6th January 1792.

A MONTH has paſſed ſince you left us, and yet we have received no tidings of you! The intereſt which I take in your happineſs or miſery will not ſuffer me to remain ſilent any longer. The cold faſtidious

fastidious bosom may condemn me; but while I feel self-acquitted, I dare look beyond the censure of the ignorant, and own, that your virtues and your misfortunes demand my admiration and my tears.

Ten short weeks have animated my bosom with all the proudest energies of friendship. I am not apt to form opinions hastily, and I know that attachments which are not founded on the firm basis of reason, are seldom permanent: yet, I can venture to esteem you, though scarcely known; nay more, dare tell you so; and the purity of my heart feels no diminution while I make the avowal.

I have, of late, passed all my hours in your society; I have accompanied you in your walks; I have endeavoured to share your inquietude; to read your thoughts, and to divest them from their strong propensity to sadness. I have watched the struggling emotions that

perpetually preyed upon your heart: I have marked the involuntary tear ruſhing to your eyes, and trembled when your pale quivering lip betrayed the anguiſh of your boſom. Yet, I have never attempted to diſturb the ſacred ſilence of ſorrow; I have never breathed a wiſh that could ſcrutinize beyond the ſpontaneous confidence of eſteem and friendſhip.

You are now eſtranged from me; you are wandering, alone; perhaps vainly endeavouring to overtake the flattering phantom, hope; or, what is far more painful, cheriſhing in your boſom the ſcorpions of deſpair. Oh, Walſingham! whither will your ſorrows lead you? In what lonely corner of the habitable globe would you ſeek an aſylum? Can the dark and noiſeleſs ſolitudes of Ardenne, afford a ſweeter ſolace than the tear of ſympathy; a more tranquil ſhelter than the habitation of virtue?

Return;

Return; accept the aſſiduities of friendſhip, the conſolations of reaſon:—look forward to happier days, when the ſtormy paſſions ſhall own the magic of reflection; ſubdue the reſtleſs demon that deſtroys you; call to your aid the pride of virtue, the conſciouſneſs of truth, the dignity of reaſon. The hour of mental triumph will arrive; for time will not ſtrew perpetual thorns on the boſom of ſenſibility, without ſome flowers to hide the wounds which they occaſion.

As ſoon as your carriage was out of ſight on the day of your departure, I haſtened to the library, where we had paſſed the preceding evening. Every object is dear, which reminds the feeling heart of paſt felicity; and there are even melancholy pleaſures, which ſometimes charm, more than the ſtrongeſt faſcinations of delight. On entering the ſcene of our frequent ſtudies, my ſteps for ſome minutes were arreſted, by a ſenſation,

tion, which ſeemed undeſcribable: it was mournful, but not unpleaſing;—it awakened all my regrets; a tear ſtole down my cheek;—it was a tribute to the memory of paſt happineſs, and I could not repel it.

The chairs which we had occupied, till midnight, ſtill remained near the table. The books which you had turned over, for you were too unquiet to be conſtant in your ſtudies, preſented an intereſting confuſion, which ſeemed the epitome of your mind. The volume which had concluded our reſearches, lay where you had thrown it; the leaf was folded down;—with a trembling hand I opened it, and read; *Ecris-moi cependent; ecris-moi tout ce que ton cœur reſſent encore; que j'uniſſe mes douleurs aux tiennes, et que je rende ſoupirs pour ſoupirs* *. I recollected your having

* *Lettre d'Heloiſe et d'Abeilard.*

† "Yet write, oh write me all," *&c.*

POPE.

pointed

pointed out the paſſage;—I ſhuddered! I lamented your departure with a new ſenſation of fear and regret, and would have given worlds, had I poſſeſſed them, once more to have recalled you. Wherefore ſhould I confeſs my folly? Yet, if you do not applaud the ingenuouſneſs of my heart, you will perhaps ſmile at its weakneſs; and ſhould even my tears, my anxieties, irradiate your countenance but for a moment, I ſhall remember, with a mournful ſatisfaction, the ſenſation which produced them.

Walſingham, adieu! If your ſorrows can find alleviation in ſilence, ſtill keep them ſacred,—and allow me only to lament, that they are of a nature which requires concealment; but, if I can participate in your grief, I charge you to be explicit.

ROSANNA.

LETTER IV.

WALSINGHAM *to* ROSANNA.

Luxemburg, Feb. 1792.

THE raſh mortal, who in this world of anguiſh voluntarily relinquiſhes a ſource of conſolation, muſt be either a maniac or a miſanthropiſt. What then will you denominate one, who has flown from your ſociety, to wither in a dark and cheerleſs ſolitude, where hope is a ſtranger, and where memory will corrode the heart, till the powers of ſenſation are annihilated?

You have often queſtioned me, why I ſhrink from the ſolace of congenial minds: why I court the gloom which feeds my ſorrow, and cheriſh in my breaſt the anguiſh that will deſtroy me? I will briefly anſwer you: 'tis fit that I ſhould ſuffer.

The

The packet which accompanies this letter will unfold the myſtery of my misfortunes: I confide them to your gentle boſom, with various papers which form parts of the narrative. The events attending the earlieſt hours of my life were, at different periods, communicated by thoſe who witneſſed the progreſs of my deſtiny: it will perhaps remain for you to be my future hiſtorian.

Amiable Roſanna! ſomething like compunction ſtrikes upon my heart, while I anticipate your ſenſations at the diſcloſure of my diſaſtrous ſtory: you have commanded—I muſt obey; and, whatever my fate may be, it will be my laſt and only ſolace, that, in this world of perſecution, I found one pure and generous boſom which throbbed in unifon with mine; which participated in my griefs; lamented my frailties; and promiſed, by all the ſenſibilities of virtue, to ſhed a tear on the grave that ſhall conceal them.

CHAPTER I.

THE dawning hours of my life were marked by ſuch gloomy proſpects, that I will begin my ſtory with the origin of my misfortunes. As it is to the events of my childhood that I owe thoſe indelible prejudices which have attended me, from hour to hour, each darker than the former, I will not omit the ſlighteſt incident that may ſerve to prove, how ſtrongly the earlieſt impreſſions take hold on the ſenſes; and how powerfully they influence the mind, during our weary journey of exiſtence.

I was born in a ſmall village on the borders of South Wales: my father was a poor curate; my mother the deſcendant of an ancient, but ill-fated family: ſhe was a great-grand-daughter of Sir Sidney Waller, a gallant general, who

who loſt his life on the ſame day and in the ſame cauſe as the immortal Hampden. From that memorable epoch the name had gradually ſunk into decay, till the parent of my mother was reduced to the humble occupation of a country ſchoolmaſter.

Mr. Waller, in whoſe breaſt the pride of independence glowed, even when affliction wrung it in every fibre, no longer able to ſupport an empty title, proved his wiſdom by relinquiſhing that which could not add conſequence to virtue; though in the abode of adverſity it might have expoſed him to ridicule and contempt.

My grandfather was a man of profound erudition; illuſtrious in mind, and philanthropic in all the ſenſations of the heart! He laboured with the reſignation of virtue, and even his poverty was dignified by an elevation of ſoul, that mocked the pageantry of exterior greatneſs.

neſs. Retired, amidſt the ſolitude of mountains, and only known in the abodes of thoſe who had ſcarcely diſcrimination to eſtimate his worth, his patient toil was never interrupted by an expreſſion of diſcontent, while he experienced no pleaſure like that of cultivating truth, and exemplifying virtue.

My mother, who was but ſparingly gifted with perſonal graces, was amply endowed with every mental perfection. She was not the only offspring of Mr. Waller; he had another daughter, one year younger, beautiful as nature, and ambitious as beautiful: her name was Frances, my mother's Penelope. They were the joy of their father's boſom; the ſolace of his cares; he educated them with unremitting attention; he laboured to ſupport them, (for their mother died when they were too young to be ſenſible of their loſs,) and his laſt moments were embittered by the reflection, that his

children

children would be left portionleſs and unprotected.

On the death of Mr. Waller, his daughters, the eldeſt then only ſixteen years of age, became the objects of univerſal pity and admiration. The fame of their father, at length, reached the neighbouring county, and every heart commiſerated their misfortunes. Among the many who offered them an aſylum, Lady Aubrey was the moſt zealous: ſhe was a widow, rich, haughty, and oſtentatious: the ſiſters were highly accompliſhed; their patroneſs wanted ſociety in the lonely manor-houſe of Glenowen, and, a ſhort time after my grandfather's death, the diſconſolate orphans repaired to their new habitation.

The change in their proſpects ſeemed to promiſe every felicity, when time ſhould obliterate their deep impreſſion of ſorrow for the loſs of ſuch a parent. But they were not conſcious of the

anguiſh

anguiſh which originates in dependence, neither did they know the vaſt difference between a fond father's love and a proud woman's oſtentation. Frances was conſtantly employed in reading, working furniture for the ancient apartments at Glenowen, and viſiting ſuch of the neighbours as Lady Aubrey's pride condeſcended to acknowledge; while Penelope was engaged in a ſeries of humbler occupations: it was her taſk to ſuperintend the houſehold, to diſtribute the ſcanty pittance, which blazoned the name of her protectreſs more than it cheered the hearts of the afflicted; to preſide over the dairy, and to regulate the book of family accounts.

Sir Edward Aubrey, the ſon and heir of the deceaſed baronet, had been educated at Glenowen:—left at the age of ten years to the care of his mother, he had been the ruler of his family, and the

terror of the country. Violent, bold, overbearing, and ignorant, he was the little tyrant of the mountains: time did not poliſh the rude work of nature, but, in proportion as he became conſcious of power, he dealt, with a mercileſs hand, every ſpecies of oppreſſion.

It was the fate of Frances Waller to awaken the only tender ſentiment that ever honoured the boſom of Sir Edward; and, a ſhort time after ſhe became the inmate of Glenowen, they were married: while the more homely but amiable Penelope was conſigned to the ſober affections of Arthur Ainsforth, Lady Aubrey's domeſtic chaplain.

This union of my parents was the cauſe of many pangs and heart-burnings in the domeſtic circle of Glenowen; for, Mr. Ainsforth, by the meekneſs and piety of his doctrines, had made an indelible impreſſion on the heart of Mrs. Judith

Judith Blagden, Lady Aubrey's waiting woman, a perſon who will act a principal part in my eventful hiſtory.

My father, whoſe attachment was pure and ardent, received the hand of Penelope with gratitude and affection. He not only knew how to appreciate her mental qualifications, but aſſiduouſly embraced every opportunity of affording them additional cultivation. My mother was prudent, ſtudious, meek, and indefatigable in her reſearches after knowledge; an able ſcrutinizer of the human heart, and a correct commentator on whatever ſhe thought worthy of obſervation. Among the peaſantry in the vicinity of Glenowen, ſhe was conſidered as the oracle of truth, while all her days were devoted to the graceful taſk of inculcating moral virtue.

The beautiful Frances was in very few inſtances the reſemblance of my mother: vanity was her predominant

failing, though ambition and a love of wealth often ſtruggled for pre-eminence. She had ever been volatile, trifling, and capricious; to ſee and to be ſeen, to triumph and to reign over every contemporary, were her firſt, and moſt indefatigable purſuits; and ſo prepoſſeſſing are the graces of form and feature, that from every little circle ſhe bore away the palm of victory, while the mild, intelligent, and unaſſuming Penelope was often ſcarcely noticed.

Sir Edward Aubrey was rather robuſt than handſome; his manners were coarſe, without that blunt ſincerity which is often the aſſociate of an ingenuous and noble nature. He could ſwear, drink, and follow the hounds, with any man in his county: boiſterouſly gay when ſober; and peeviſhly arrogant when intoxication gave him courage to aſſert his opinions. His wealth was almoſt countleſs, owing to its vaſt accumulation during

during his minority, and his mother's diſpoſition, which was penurious, even to a vice. Such was the huſband of the beautiful, the vain, the young, and ambitious Frances.

Two years after Sir Edward's marriage, the dowager Lady Aubrey expired in a fit of apoplexy, and, as her ſon's emancipation from the mountains which nearly encircled the manor-houſe had been retarded by her parſimonious counſels, her remains were ſcarcely depoſited in the family vault, when a journey to the metropolis was meditated, and reſolved on. Frances was delighted with the proſpect of emerging from obſcurity, and her heart palpitated with the anticipation of triumphs, to which ſhe had hitherto been a ſtranger.

From the moment that the expedition was firſt mentioned, all her ideas ſeemed to expand. The manor-houſe appeared more gloomy than ever; the

mountains aſſumed, to the eye of fancy, a more ſtupendous and barren appearance; while ſhe conſidered herſelf as a ſtar, too long obſcured in the miſt of oblivion, and at laſt deſtined to illumine the world of ſplendour and animation.

My mother bade adieu to Lady Aubrey, with a painful reluctance, which ſuperſtition would have converted into a preſentiment of future events:—ſhe knew that the affections of the heart had no ſhare in the motives which united her to Sir Edward; and ſhe trembled while reaſon preſented the infinity of dangers which ſhe was deſtined to encounter. Young, handſome, lively, and inconſiderate; reared in the calm ſecluſion of humble ſolitude, accuſtomed to flattery, fond of pleaſure, and habituated to ſway, in the narrow limits of ruſtic ſociety, her peril was imminent: Penelope ſaw it; and her gentle boſom ached with apprehenſion.

The

The ſeparation which occaſioned ſo much pain to my mother was ſcarcely felt by Lady Aubrey; ſhe had other events of more importance to occupy her mind; her very dreams were replete with anticipated delights; ſplendour, diſſipation, and conqueſt embelliſhed every ſcene which was preſented by her exhilarated fancy, while the pureſt affections of the heart were ſubdued by the ardour of ambition. A cold embrace abſorbed the tear of regret which gliſtened on my mother's cheek, and the giddy Frances departed from Glenowen, almoſt overpowered with joy and expectation.

On Sir Edward's arrival in London, a magnificent houſe was hired for his winter reſidence. Lady Aubrey was preſented at court; her beauty rendered her conſpicuous, her ſplendours were the ſubject of univerſal converſation. She darted forth, in the ſphere of gaiety, like

an effulgent orb, eclipſing every leſſer object, and enlivening the ſcenes around her by an unexampled brilliancy. She exhibited her love of profuſion, by the richneſs of her liveries, the number of her carriages, the value of her jewels, and the luxuries of her table. Lady Aubrey's manſion was the abode of the graces; Lady Aubrey's aſſemblies were the rendezvous of taſte and faſhion; Lady Aubrey's beauty was blazoned in every diurnal publication; her portrait embelliſhed the gallery of every painter; the forms, and even the colours of female decorations were named after her; while her matrimonial appendage was as little known, and as little talked of, as though he had inhabited the wilds of Arabia. Days flew like moments; every man was the adorer of Lady Aubrey; every woman was the friend: her houſe was the temple of intrigue; and her companions the votaries of diſſipation.

It

It has been ſaid, that the froſt of avarice, if once permitted to thaw, overwhelms all the barriers of prudence and conſiſtency. The fortune which Sir Edward's mother had hoarded with indefatigable parſimony was ſcarcely ſufficient to ſupply the prodigality of her ſucceſſor: and even the little which her oſtentation beſtowed among the mountains of Glenowen, was withheld by the weary hand of profuſion, or indiſcriminately laviſhed on fools and ſharpers, in the circles of faſhion, or the vortex of the gaming table. Charity was a cold and cheerleſs counſellor, who pointed towards the dark abodes of poverty, where modeſt merit pined in obſcurity; while pleaſure led her thoughtleſs pupil to ſcenes replete with ſplendours; where fortune ſmiled on the vicious, and infamy concealed her features, beneath the ſpecious maſk of reputation. Too refined to be reaſonable, too lovely to be

wiſe, too wealthy to be ſuſpected, and too giddy to be admoniſhed, the beautiful Frances commenced her career, with an *eclat* unprecedented; while all the deſpicable herd of knaves and flatterers, who live upon the follies of their patrons, thronged to that polluted temple, which preſented her as its ſupreme idol.

Sir Edward had few opportunities of converſing with Lady Aubrey, and the ſhort intervals which the multiplicity of her occupations allowed him were generally productive of ſpleen and altercation. The ſyſtem of œconomy which had been invariably adopted by Sir Edward's mother, ſerved, by contraſt, to render his wife's extravagance doubly conſpicuous: but he was told that a faſhionable huſband had no right to govern; that a woman of ſpirit could not tamely ſubmit to the goading trammels of matrimonial tyranny. Examples were ſet before him, wherein the lord of

the

the creation was nothing more than a paſſive, convenient, domeſtic animal; whoſe only merit was complacency, and whoſe unremitting taſk was the ſtudy of obedience: even the ſplendid habitation which Sir Edward's munificence provided was not allowed the ſanction of his name; while *Lady* Aubrey's ſovereignty was univerſally acknowledged.

At the moment when the high tide of prodigality threatened to overleap the boundaries of reaſon, Sir Edward's health began viſibly to decline: pent up in the unwholeſome atmoſphere of the metropolis; deprived of that ſpecies of exerciſe which was natural to his conſtitution; devoting every vacant minute to the bottle, and condemned to reverſe the accuſtomed hours of reſt; his temper became irritable, his mind enervated, his language querulous, and his purſuits unintereſting: ſpleen engendered diſguſt; indifference, contempt; till a de-

cided hatred embittered every moment of exiſtence.

Sir Edward's ill-humour and uncouth manners afforded an inexhauſtible ſource for ridicule to the ſarcaſtic aſſociates of Lady Aubrey, whoſe mind was but too readily prepared to receive an unfavourable impreſſion. The malevolent induſtry of her female friends, was indefatigable in promoting domeſtic uneaſineſs; they envied the luxury which they participated, and ſtill more, the reputation which, amidſt all the temptations of faſhionable life, and all the pernicious examples before her, Lady Aubrey had ſtill preſerved unblemiſhed: this preeminence was not to be ſupported: the inſolence of virtue was too formidable to be tolerated by thoſe, who had abjured its dominion; and a mighty phalanx conſpired at once to annihilate her fame, fortune, and domeſtic happineſs.

With

With a mind poiſoned by the evil inſinuations of artful counſellors, Lady Aubrey lamented her haſty marriage; and did not heſitate to believe, that had ſhe been permitted to emerge from obſcurity, ſhe might have formed an alliance among the higheſt orders of ſociety. She beheld many inſtances of the caprice of fortune; many brows, decorated with the ermine of nobility, which were wrinkled with age, and marked with inſignificance: ſhe ſaw women, who had outlived the memory of their juvenile follies, aſſuming all the dignity of virtue; and, equally forgetful of their origin and their indiſcretions, arrogating to themſelves the moſt inſolent ſuperiority. The diſguſt, which was the offſpring of diſappointment, wholly obliterated thoſe impreſſions of gratitude, which reflection ſhould have rendered indelible, and Lady Aubrey, at the very moment when ſhe was envied by all the

world, would, with delight, have flown from it for ever. Thus weary of every object which preſented itſelf, in the gaudy *routine* of prodigality, ſhe looked in vain for conſolation; flattery poured its poiſon into her mind, while the phantom of domeſtic happineſs became every hour more faint, till it faded into nothing. At all public places of entertainment Lady Aubrey was ſtill the planet, round which the leſſer conſtellations moved inceſſantly, borrowing a reflected light from her ſuperior ſplendour; all of real bliſs gradually vaniſhed; while the deceptive blandiſhments of falſe conſequence, augmented, in proportion as her judgment became inert, till the gay and giddy Frances ſhrunk into one of thoſe trifling mortals, who cheriſh exiſtence, long after they become incapable of appreciating its value.

CHAP. II.

SIR Edward's health rapidly declined as Lady Aubrey's intercourſe with folly augmented. Her inattention kept pace with his iraſcibility, till at laſt, unable to bear either her inſolence or neglect, ſhe was peremptorily commanded to quit the metropolis. Frances had long been weary of every ſurrounding object, (for even the moſt delightful ſcenes produce ſatiety,) and would have become a voluntary recluſe, had it not been the will of her huſband that ſhe ſhould be diſſipated no longer. She had been taught to reſiſt every ſpecies of oppreſſion, and the idea of yielding to the authority of her wedded tyrant was replete with horrors. She conſulted her female friends; they ridiculed the injunction, as barbarous and abſurd: but Sir Edward was inexorable, and notwithſtanding all the energy

energy of prayers, tears, and intreaties, the lovely Lady Aubrey was again condemned to waſte her days in a ſolitude which was abhorrent to her nature.

Sir Edward had a younger brother, who at a very early age entered the army; his choice of a profeſſion had been contrary to the wiſhes of his mother, and, for an act of diſobedience which ſhe deemed impardonable, he had not only been entirely eſtranged from the family, but excluded from any participation of the father's property; the whole of which had been left at the diſpoſal of the deceaſed Lady Aubrey. This neglected brother was brave, amiable, and enlightened: Sir Edward had often heard his military reputation extolled; and, as his health gave ſymptoms of diſſolution, frequently mentioned the injuſtice of his fortune. The eſtate of Glenowen, notwithſtanding the cruelty of his unkind mother, was his by right, in caſe Sir Edward

ward died without iſſue male, together with the title, deducting only twelve hundred pounds *per annum*, as Lady Aubrey's marriage ſettlement.

On the day preceding that which was fixed for their departure, Frances ſickened of the ſmall-pox; the diſorder was of the moſt dangerous kind, and the graces of her countenance yielded to its malignity, while her reaſon and her life were, for a time, menaced by its violence. Lady Aubrey recovered, but exiſtence was no longer deſirable, ſince the powers of faſcination had vaniſhed for ever. Her beautiful features were changed and diſtorted, and the mirror which reflected her deformity looked like the fiat of total annihilation. Retirement was now the laſt refuge from complete diſgrace. The old manor-houſe of Glenowen was the only ſpot on the habitable globe where Lady Aubrey hoped to find conſolation; and without

without a murmur of regret ſhe departed from that ſcene where ſhe had been, ſucceſſively, the victor and the vanquiſhed.

There is no ſituation in life more completely wretched than that of a faded beauty, who, in the hours of univerſal conqueſt, neglected that cultivation of mind which can enliven the winter of age, and preſent a pleaſing ſubſtitute for the moſt gratifying purſuits. Lady Aubrey had long eraſed from her memory the precepts of her father; and looking only for the enjoymentss of the preſent moment, wholly forgot that they were "though ſweet, not laſting." The ſource of rapture, the idol of adulation being deſtroyed, every hour preſented a mournful vacuum, which ſeemed eternal; and the ſolitude to which ſhe was haſtening was in no reſpect calculated to ſolace her affliction. Sir Edward was more than ever the object of her averſion; every

every ſmile which the hope of regaining his long-loſt repoſe excited, ſeemed to inſult her ſorrow, and to evince his triumph.

Though Frances had been three years abſent from Glenowen, my mother had never once been remembered; ſhe had frequently written to inquire after her beloved ſiſter, but no notice had been taken of her letters. Penelope's mind was formed in nature's moſt perfect mould; it was compoſed of the pureſt paſſions, the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility; ſhe harmonized the ills of life by the affections of the heart; ſhe could bear the humiliations of fortune, but not the neglect which is too often their attendant. Reared from her infancy in the ſociety of one dear aſſociate; one companion, whoſe age, ſtudies, and amuſements had been nearly ſimilar to her own; conſcious of never having deviated from the fondeſt affection, and pining under the ſeverity

ſeverity of undeſerved contempt; ſhe lamented in ſilence, and devoted her thoughts to the moſt profound melancholy. It was in vain that my father counſelled her to bear with patience the cold unnatural conduct of Lady Aubrey; Penelope's heart was ſtung to its innermoſt receſſes—it was wounded not only deeply, but incurably.

After a tedious journey, Lady Aubrey once more beheld the miſty mountains of Glenowen lifting their bare ſummits above the venerable trees that embowered the manor-houſe, and forming a diverſity, at once ſoothing and pictureſque. The next object which arreſted her attention was the parſonage, the reſidence of my father, ſituated in the front of a beautiful thicket, and preſenting its white-waſhed walls decorated with vine and jeſſamine, and ſkirted with a little garden,

Not idly gay, but elegantly neat.

Reflec-

Reflection now ruſhed through the heart of Lady Aubrey; ſhe recollected her unkindneſs towards the moſt amiable of women, and dreaded the moment which was to prove her own inferiority. On entering Sir Edward's eſtate, ſhe quitted her carriage, and proceeded on foot acroſs the upland meadow, towards the parſonage. The church-yard path led to the little garden, which was ſheltered from the northern wind by a barren and ſtupendous mountain; on one ſide a ſmall meadow was covered with new-mown hay—and the ſun's laſt beams blazed on the reflecting caſements of every window. As ſhe ſtrolled penſively along, ruminating on the dreadful change her external form would preſent to every beholder, her eyes were faſcinated by a neat and ſimple grave-ſtone, on which, while her blood almoſt congealed with horror, ſhe read the following lines:

O thou!

O thou! whoſe cold and ſenſeleſs heart
Ne'er knew affection's ſtruggling ſigh,
Paſs on, nor vaunt the ſtoic's art,
Nor mock this grave with tearleſs eye.

For oft, when ev'ning's purple glow
Shall ſlowly fade from yonder ſteep,
Faſt o'er this ſod the tear ſhall flow,
From eyes that only wake to weep.

No wealth had ſhe, no power to ſway,
Yet rich in worth and learning's lore,
She wept her ſummer hours away;
She hears the wintry ſtorm no more!

Yet, o'er this low and ſilent ſpot
Full many a bud of ſpring ſhall wave,
While ſhe, by all, ſave *one*, forgot,
Shall ſnatch a wreath beyond the grave.

Lady Aubrey had not reſolution to read the inſcription a ſecond time; ſhe ſaw the name of Penelope, and with tottering ſteps haſtened towards the parſonage. The day had been ſultry and glowing; the ſhades of twilight ſtole over the mountains; the ſpire of the village church

church was reddened by the warm rays of the weſtern horizon, and the brown woods of Glenowen ſeemed to aſſume a deeper ſhade, as if to ſmite the ſoul with the anguiſh of compunction: it looked like the mourning of nature, while its more gaudy trappings were fading to oblivion.

Lady Aubrey entered the garden; the flowers which Penelope had planted were covered with dew; the bower which her hand had twined was dark, but not deſerted—for a nightingale had fixed its abode among the branches, and was ſinging its evening ſong, in notes ſoothing though melancholy. She proceeded towards the parlour, which opened to the ſweet and ſimple *parterre*, and on paſſing the threſhold, diſcovered me, ſleeping on the carpet: I had made myſelf a pillow of new hay, and, weary with the playful toil of infancy, was

" lapped

"lapped in Elyſium." She knelt, and kiſſed me; ſhe bathed my glowing cheeks with a torrent of tears; my mother's virtues recurred to her memory, while a thouſand agonizing ideas combined to reproach her. At this moment my father entered the parlour; I awoke; the ſight of a ſtranger aſtoniſhed me; Lady Aubrey ſnatched me to her boſom, and cheered me with careſſes; my ſenſations were undeſcribable—I ſighed and trembled, I knew not wherefore.

From my father's reſpectful demeanour, and the appearance of Lady Aubrey, whoſe habit was richly trimmed with gold, according to the faſhion of the time, I believed the viſitor to be ſomething almoſt ſupernatural. When ſhe ſpoke of my mother, her words were accompanied by a profuſion of tears; I wondered at her emotion: I knew that my dear parent was ſuddenly eſtranged

from

from me; but of death,—irrevoc able death,—I had not the ſmalleſt comprehenſion.

From that hour I became the inmate of the manor-houſe. The laſt ſigh of my departed mother cloſed a fervent prayer that Lady Aubrey would adopt and protect me. She knew that the curacy of Glenowen was ſmall, and barely ſufficient to ſupport my father; ſhe loved me with a degree of fondneſs bordering on enthuſiaſm; her fleeting breath bleſſed her ill-fated offspring; and as her feeble arm preſſed me to her boſom, the tenderneſs of maternal love beamed in her languid eyes, till they were cloſed for ever.

Sir Edward's health continued declining, and the only pleaſure which he ſeemed to enjoy, was that which he derived from my ſociety: my playful gambols amuſed him when every recreation failed; and I loved him, notwithſtanding

his uncouth manners, beyond all other objects. I was frequently Lady Aubrey's companion, when ſhe wandered about the woods, and to the church-yard, which was the ſcene of her unavailing ſorrow. Many an evening, as the moon roſe above the neighbouring eminences, have I played round the narrow heap of mould which concealed the aſhes of Penelope, unconſcious that it was the dark cold bed of the ſaint that gave me being.

Every day ſeemed to augment my power over the affections of Sir Edward and Lady Aubrey; I became the little ſovereign of Glenowen; every wiſh was anticipated, every word was law: I traverſed the domains of my patron, uncontrolled, exulting, happy!—The dawn broke on my ſmiles; and the cloſe of day invited me to reſt. Through Sir Edward's intereſt my father obtained a living of three hundred pounds *per annum*,

annum, in Glouceſterſhire, and I was, at two years of age, left under the protection of my aunt. The whole family conſidered me as Sir Edward's repreſentative, and every individual ſeemed to feel pleaſure in obeying me, except Mrs. Blagden, whoſe invincible hatred towards my mother was transferred to me as her offspring, and the epitome of my father. Every opportunity was embraced by my enemy to taunt and affront me; every little error of childhood was magnified into an unpardonable offence, and nothing but Sir Edward's increaſing affection could have reſiſted her malice, or inſured me an aſylum in the manor-houſe of Glenowen.

As Lady Aubrey's diminution of perſonal graces precluded every idea of viſiting the metropolis, her chief delight was that of improving the grounds and embelliſhing the family manſion, where

ſhe was deſtined to do penance for her paſt folly. The ſurrounding ſcenery was beautifully pictureſque, and richly adorned, by hills and vallies, woods and water, diverſified with all the luxuriance of nature. In addition to theſe, every thing that fancy could deviſe or ingenuity invent, was procured at an inordinate expence, to decorate the ſituation. Lady Aubrey's apartments were more coſtly than convenient; more magnificent, than taſteful; but to excel, to reign, to aſtoniſh, had ever been her delight; and ſhe reſolved to command that admiration from the rude children of nature, which was no longer to be expected from the pupils of diſſimulation.

In every plan of improvement, my health and recreation were conſidered as objects of the firſt importance. Plantations were incloſed for my hours of exerciſe; a winding path was made to the ſummit

ſummit of a mountain, that I might enjoy the ſalubrious breezes of morning as ſoon as the ſun roſe; a ſmall river was diverted from its courſe, in order to form a ſhallow limpid bath, whoſe ſalutary effects might tend to invigorate my conſtitution; a paddock was fenced round, and a groom was conſtantly in waiting, to attend my rides; ſeveral ſmall ponies being trained for my uſe, and kept entirely at my diſpoſal. Ah, Roſanna! theſe my infant pleaſures were the origin of all my ſorrows! The tender plant, which has been raiſed by the tranſient warmth of ſpring, too often ſhrinks from the nipping blaſt, and dies before it bloſſoms.

The ſnow-drop, Winter's timid child,
Awakes to life bedew'd with tears;
And flings around its fragrance mild,
And where no rival flowrets bloom,
Amidſt the bare and chilling gloom,
A beauteous gem appears!

All weak and wan, with head inclin'd,
Its parent breaſt, the driſted ſnow;
It trembles while the ruthleſs wind
Bends its ſlim form; the tempeſt lours,
Its em'rald eye drops cryſtal ſhow'rs
On its cold bed below.

Poor flow'r! On thee the ſunny beam
No touch of genial warmth beſtows;
Except to thaw the icy ſtream
Whoſe little current purls along,
Thy fair and gloſſy charms among,
And whelms thee as it flows.

The night-breeze tears thy ſilky dreſs,
Which, deck'd with ſilv'ry luſtre, ſhone;
The morn returns, not thee to bleſs,
The gaudy crocus flaunts its pride,
And triumphs where its rival died,
Unſhelter'd and unknown!

No ſunny beam ſhall gild thy grave,
No bird of pity thee deplore;
There ſhall no ſpreading branches wave,
For Spring ſhall all her gems unfold,
And revel 'midſt her buds of gold,
When thou art ſeen no more!

Where-

Where'er I find thee, gentle flow'r,
Thou ſtill art ſweet, and dear to me!
For I have known the cheerleſs hour,
Have ſeen the ſun-beams cold and pale,
Have felt the chilling wint'ry gale,
And wept, and ſhrunk like thee!

CHAP. III.

I HAD ſcarcely attained my third year, when Lady Aubrey gave hopes of preſenting Sir Edward an heir to his eſtate and title. From this period her fondneſs for me evidently diminiſhed; my artleſs and lively manners began to fatigue her; I was too boiſterous to remain long in her preſence, and too wild to be truſted where her eyes did not perpetually follow me: not ſo much on my account was ſhe watchful, as on her own: the idea of any accident was terrible in Lady Aubrey's precarious ſituation, and I was deprived of every pleaſure, in order to enſure her ſafety.

Sir Edward was ſtill fond of my company; and we often walked and converſed together, when driven from Lady Aubrey's ſociety either by caprice or ill-humour. The change in my ſituation afforded no ſmall degree of exultation to my adverſary Mrs. Blagden; a fallen favourite ſeldom meets a friend; for the humiliations of innocence are the triumphs of malevolence.

Sometimes, when I was permitted to remain with Lady Aubrey, I obſerved her converſation with the neighbours who came to viſit her; it frequently turned on the delight which would fill every heart in caſe Providence ſhould bleſs her with a ſon. My little boſom ſwelled with grief, while the bath, the paddock, the plantations, and the ponies, were by anticipation beſtowed on the expected heir of Glenowen, and, for the firſt moment in my life, I began to feel the miſeries of dependence.

With

With devouring eyes and a throbbing breaſt did I witneſs the ſplendid preparations for the eventful period which was to decide my future fortune. The cradle, covered with white ſatin, and the coſtly baby-linen, were to me ſources of unutterable anguiſh. Nothing was talked of but the little ſtranger, the young Lord of Glenowen, who was expected to be more wiſe and more beautiful than any thing mortal. I longed, yet dreaded to behold this wonder, who had cauſed ſuch magnificent arrangements. I had been accuſtomed to hear my features praiſed, my underſtanding commended; every thing I ſaid excited a ſmile of approbation, till this wonderful ſucceſſor was named: the change was terrible; I felt it, and trembled to look forward.

One day, paſſing with Lady Aubrey through the apartment, where the much-talked-of miracle was deſtined firſt to behold the light, I could not refrain

from tears, as I kiſſed the hand which led me. "Walſingham, why do you weep?" ſaid my aunt.

"For whom have you made this bed?" ſaid I, putting forth my trembling hand, to touch the cradle.

"For a young ſtranger, who will be your companion; and whom you muſt love."

"What! whether I will or no?" ſaid I.

"He will be your friend, and you muſt learn to pleaſe him," continued Lady Aubrey.

"*Muſt* learn!" repeated I. "Why muſt I? for what does he come here?"

"To be my ſon."

"Then what ſhall *I* be?"

"His friend; and if you prove worthy, he will provide for you." This anſwer was delivered with a tone of haughty ſuperiority, to which I had, till that moment, been a ſtranger. I felt an indignant

indignant glow ruſhing to my cheek: "Shall I never be able to provide for *myſelf?*" ſaid I. "Sir Edward wants nobody to provide for *him.*"

"Becauſe Sir Edward is rich;" anſwered Lady Aubrey with increaſed coldneſs.

"And why am not I rich? I am as pretty, and as good, as Sir Edward."

"All are not born to proſperous fortune," replied Lady Aubrey ſternly: "ſome are wealthy, and others poor."

"Am I one of the poor ones?" was my next queſtion. Lady Aubrey could not anſwer it. The memory of my departed mother arreſted the power of ſpeech, and the converſation ended.

Roſanna! ſuffer me to pauſe a moment; the recollection of my paſt and melancholy days bewilders every faculty; from the glowing proſpect of my earlieſt hours, I trace the deep gloom which has ſucceeded; I look back to years, darkened by perpetual ſorrow; to

hopes, awakened but to periſh! The prejudices of infancy contributed greatly to check the young bloſſoms of affection which nature would have cheriſhed: I was taught to hate my little couſin, before I had ever ſeen him: the domeſtics at Glenowen irritated my mind, and hourly mingled gall with "the milk of human kindneſs," which was the natural inmate of my boſom. I was taunted with menaces that my reign would ſoon be over; I was told by Mrs. Blagden, that my father's infidelity to her would draw down a curſe upon me; the young baronet was to keep me in ſubjection; and I ſhould "find a vaſt difference, when my Lady had a ſon, who would be the rightful heir to Glenowen." Such were the pernicious doctrines of degenerate minds: I conſidered my couſin as my tyrant, before he was yet born; and all the gentle touches of ſympathetic fondneſs were loſt in one important

ſtudy,

ſtudy, the ſtudy to reſiſt, to vanquiſh my oppreſſor.

From the happieſt, the gaieſt of human beings, I became the moſt dejected and forlorn: the gradual neglect which I experienced from Lady Aubrey, ſerved as an example for the whole family. I was ſnubbed and contradicted by every individual. My dreſs was leſs attended to; my meals leſs regularly ſerved; a nurſery in a remote part of the houſe was fitted up for my reception; it was dark and gloomy, and had been during the laſt twenty years uninhabited. A thouſand idle tales were circulated reſpecting this ſolitary apartment; and, till I was deſtined to be its tenant, no ſervant would venture to viſit it. To increaſe my chagrin, I was placed under the care of Mrs. Dickens, the houſekeeper, whoſe temper and appearance completed my diſtreſs, and deprived me of every conſolation.

Lady

Lady Aubrey's neglect at laſt ſunk into total indifference. I was not permitted to ſee her, during ſeveral ſucceſſive days; and when an audience was granted, I was never allowed to ſpeak, leſt I ſhould derange the nervous ſyſtem, and diſcompoſe her ſpirits. Sir Edward was more kind; he often led me about the plantations, and to the ſummit of the mountains; but it was to ſhew me the woods, the ſtreams, the lawns, the meadows, which were to enrich the little ſtranger,—the unborn object of my hatred.

I had ſo often heard my ſucceſſor's name mentioned with exultation, that at length the ſound became inſupportable. I vented my little rage in the bittereſt terms of abhorrence, and uttered many threats of vengeance whenever it ſhould be my deſtiny to meet him. Mrs. Dickens, whoſe taunts provoked my violence, did not fail to repeat every expreſſion,

expreſſion, with additional terms of acrimonious malice; and, to complete my diſgrace, Mrs. Blagden was deputed by the houſehold, to repreſent my rebellious conduct to Lady Aubrey. Their machinations prevailed, and from that hour I was baniſhed from her boſom, as a monſter of arrogance, ingratitude, and deceit: I was deemed criminal before I knew the meaning of the word; and every breaſt was armed againſt a being, whoſe innocence prevented the poſſibility of offending. Unhappy Walſingham! thy hand trembles, thy heart bleeds at the recollection!

CHAP. IV.

DURING Lady Aubrey's ſituation of hope and ſolicitude, an event took place as terrible as it was unexpected. Sir Edward by a fall, during a fox-chace, was thrown over a ſteep and craggy precipice, from whence he was conveyed, mangled and lifeleſs, to Glenowen. I remember the grief and terror which wrung my heart, when I beheld his livid ghaſtly features, as he lay in ſtate in the gothic hall, decked with all the pompous abſurdity of armorial ſplendour. Lady Aubrey's affliction was of that ſpecies which does not kill; the idea of a funeral was too diſtreſſing for her feelings, though they could reſiſt the pang of loſing an indulgent huſband; and, the day previous to Sir Edward's inter-

interment, Lady Aubrey and Mrs. Blagden departed for Briſtol.

Mrs. Blagden was one of thoſe fawning ſycophants who wind about the heart of the credulous and unſuſpecting; who are all humility till they poſſeſs the maſter-key of domeſtic ſecrets; and, in proportion as they are admitted into confidence, become arrogant and overbearing. Lady Aubrey was a pliant ſubject for the machinations of ſuch a being;—vain, though no longer beautiful, and proud, without a claim to ſuperiority, her weak mind languiſhed for adulation, and her imperious boſom panted for dominion: Mrs. Blagden was the flatterer who poured forth the one, and the agent who promoted the other. She was at once Lady Aubrey's counſellor, confidant, and friend; the abettor of her follies, and the director of all her actions.

I was,

I was, on their departure, left at Glenowen. Every thing looked melancholy; the woods, the mountains, the apartment which contained the portrait of Sir Edward, were, by turns, the objects of mournful contemplation. I wandered about, forlorn and dejected; inquired after Lady Aubrey; talked of Sir Edward; grew every hour more ſorrowful; refuſed my uſual portion of nouriſhment; and at laſt, pined myſelf into ſickneſs. The ſenſibility of my heart excited no commiſeration from the domeſtics; whenever I ſhed tears, I was reproached with ill-humour; and when I was ſilent, my taciturnity was placed to the account of pride. My mind was perpetually agonized by recollections of paſt happineſs; and every delicious retroſpect was darkened, by the anticipation of new miſeries.

Three weeks after Lady Aubrey's departure, a letter arrived from Mrs. Blagden

Blagden with the joyful intelligence that a ſon was born, to inherit the rich domains of Glenowen. A ruſtic fête was given in the park; the peaſantry aſſembled from all parts of the country; and feaſting and revelry were diſplayed in the villages round the manor. Every heart was bounding with rapture; every cheek exhibited ſmiles of ſatisfaction, except mine: I conſidered myſelf as an outcaſt, equally eſtranged from the ſunſhine of fortune, and the tranquil ſhades of domeſtic felicity. I ſighed, moped, and wept inceſſantly. Often did I contemplate the hatchment, which diſplayed the pomp of ſorrow, on the walls of the manor-houſe, and trace with an unfeigned regret the ſame heraldry, as that which emblazoned the eſcutcheons, when Sir Edward's corpſe lay in the great hall. I recollected his looks when living; his ſmiles; his expreſſions of fondneſs; and when I was informed that I never ſhould either

either ſee or hear him more, my grief was vehement and ungovernable.

Lady Aubrey's health demanding change of climate, it was determined that ſhe ſhould immediately depart for Nice. She had never viſited Wales ſince the birth of the infant Sir Sidney, and the news of her intention did not reach Glenowen, till ſhe had landed on the continent. I heard the letter read by Mr. Martlet, the ſteward; it concluded with theſe words: "Take proper care of poor little Walſingham, and teach him to reſpect and to love his couſin. The ponies may be ſold, as the period of my return to Glenowen is very uncertain." This laſt article of intelligence ſeemed like an overwhelming ſhadow, vanquiſhing all my hopes, and darkening all my proſpects.

Three years paſſed, and Lady Aubrey ſtill reſided at Nice. My education was entirely neglected, and I wandered about like

like a wild inhabitant of the mountains. The chilling dew and the ſcorching ſun were alike familiar to me; and I began to cheriſh that love of ſolitude, which rendered me, almoſt, an infant miſanthrope. Mr. Martlet and Mrs. Dickens were the only inmates of our lonely habitation beſide myſelf; the former, ſavagely auſtere; and the latter, peeviſhly contradicting. I ſlept alone in my dreary chamber; and, whenever I dared to remonſtrate, I was told that Sir Edward would come and chaſtiſe me. The idea filled my mind with undeſcribable ſenſations; wherever I wandered, I fancied that I beheld him pale, mangled, and ghaſtly, as he appeared in his coffin. My ſpirit was depreſſed; my heart was almoſt broken; many a night did I watch the moon-beams as they entered the long caſement of my chamber, while imagination conjured up a thou-

a thouſand phantoms to intimidate my ſoul, and ſicken it with horrors.

The ſolitude in which I was condemned to waſte my infant hours, implanted the firſt roots of that melancholy which has never ceaſed to be the prominent characteriſtic of my nature. For nothing can be more certain, than that the general tenor of the mind through life faſhions its bent from the impreſſions of that period, when reaſon begins to dawn, and memory takes root in the young and opening fancy. The images which are then ſtamped upon the brain can ſcarcely be eradicated; and I believe that, could we trace the origin of cowardice, deceit, and ſuperſtition, it would be found, that they were inculcated by the babbling tales of goſſips, and the pernicious maxims of ignorance and folly. That ſuch impreſſions are dangerous, cannot be denied; that they

are often indelible, is equally certain: for we frequently forget events which take place at advanced periods of life; though the moſt trivial circumſtances which occurred during the earlieſt hours of infancy, are freſh and clear even to the laſt moments of exiſtence.

Mr. Martlet conſtantly wrote to my father, informing him that I was well, and happy. I had no means of convincing my parent that the information was erroneous; and my intreaties to be permitted to viſit him, only excited the indignation of my companions. Mrs. Dickens, to a temper fretful and perſecuting, united a countenance, that "might appal the devil!" Whenever my glances encountered hers, I trembled; and frequently, amidſt my ſolitary walks, the echo of her voice has made me ſhudder. I was neither watched nor cheriſhed, but permitted to ſtroll whereever my inclinations led me. Many a time

time was I brought home by the peaſantry, who found me ſleeping on the margin of the river, whoſe rapid current foamed along the valley, or wandering on the ſteep ſides of the mountains in the vicinity of Glenowen. The recollection of theſe my early days has frequently led me to bow before the muſe, who has been my only conſolation, when the cold, unfeeling world, frowned upon my ſorrows. With a mournful exactitude I recollect the earlieſt occupations of childhood; they were romantic, almoſt to incredibility.

Ne wealth had I; ne garland of renown;
Slow paſs'd the minutes thro' the livelong day,
Till from the upland mead, and thiſtled down,
I watch'd the ſun's laſt luſtre ſteal away.
And if perchance my little heart was gay,
It beat to hear ſome merry minſtrel's note,
Or goat-herd, carolling his roundelay
On craggy cliff; while, from the linnet's throat,
Full many a winding trill on airy wings wou'd float.

For

For oft, upon the brow of mountain ſteep,
As ſlow the landſcape faded from my view,
With devious ſtep I wander'd far, to weep,
While all around the ſultry vapours flew,
Heedleſs of with'ring bolt, or drizzly dew,
And, as the giant ſhadows vanquiſh'd day,
Veiling the woodland dell in duſky hue,
By the ſmall tinkling ſheep-bell wou'd I ſtray,
And, like to Elfin ghoſt, bemoan the hours away.

Or, when the wint'ry moon, with cryſtal eye,
Above the promontory bleak 'gan ſail,
Shrouding her modeſt brow in amber ſky,
While ſhrill the night-breeze whiſtled o'er the vale;
Oft did I pour my melancholy tale,
By ſome clear ſhallow ſtream, that wander'd ſlow,
Liſtleſs and weary, indolent and pale,
My boſom ſwelling high with bitter woe;
Which none but luckleſs wight, with tender heart can know.

And oft, to other's plaints did I give heed;
For all that griev'd my boſom learnt to ſigh;
I could not ſee the fleecy victim bleed,
Ne ſnare the freeborn tenant of the ſky;
Nor leſſer wight ſhould fall when I ſtood by;

For vile oppreſſion rous'd my little rage;
In combat fierce the younker to defy,
I would with breathleſs ire my limbs engage,
While neither threats nor pain my anger could
aſſuage.

With ebon locks unkempt and mean attire,
A mountain weather-beaten wight was I;
And paſſing meek, ſave when reſentful ire
Bade from my glance the living light'nings fly,
To think that vice ſhould virtue's place ſupply.
For though no claſſic knowledge grac'd my mind,
From legends old, or feats of chivalry,
Still round my heart the wond'rous inſtinct twin'd,
Which throbb'd through ev'ry vein, the love of
human kind.

Another winter elapſed when a letter arrived from Lady Aubrey, intimating that ſhe meant to remain ſome time longer in the ſouth of France; and deſiring Mr. Martlet to find a careful perſon, in whom he could confide, and who might, without delay, conduct me to her. My joy was boundleſs. I for-

gave

gave all her former unkind treatment, and only looked forward to the hope of reinſtating myſelf in her good opinion; but my rapture was checked, my boſom chilled, my pride humbled, when Mr. Martlet read aloud the concluding lines of Lady Aubrey's letter—" Sir Sidney will want a companion to attend him; and I dare hope that Walſingham will prove worthy of his protection by a reſpectful demeanour, and a proper ſenſe of his own ſituation." Theſe were her words, they ſunk deep into my heart—I never ſhall forget them.

The day was fixed for my departure; a young man, who was the ſon of my father's ſucceſſor in the curacy of Glenowen, was the perſon ſelected to be my companion and protector. He was amiable, enlightened, and had been claſſically educated by his mother's relations, who were rich and reſpectable. Mr. Han-

bury was delighted in having an opportunity of travelling; and, early in the ſpring, we ſet out together. Never did the tenant of a beamleſs dungeon feel more delight in emancipation from miſery, than did I in eſcaping from the tyranny of Mrs. Dickens; and my joy was infinitely augmented by the proſpect of felicity, which the conciliating and poliſhed manners of my new aſſociate preſented to my imagination.

Before my departure I wandered over all my native haunts; explored every path, and gazed wiſtfully at every favourite tree; for, having nothing human on which I could beſtow my affections, they had, imperceptibly, attached themſelves to inanimate objects. I walked round many of them, and meaſured their circumference, in order to aſcertain their enlargement, whenever fate ſhould reconduct me to Glenowen.

With

With a boſom ſympathetically ſad, I ſtrolled to the mountain where I had ſo often wandered with Sir Edward; from the bleak and barren ſummit I contemplated the tranquil ſcene below; the winding river, the ſmooth and glaſſy lake reflecting the evening ſky, and enlivening the valley by a diverſity, pleaſing but not gaudy. The roof of every little cottage ſeemed an object of the tenderest intereſt; while the village church, whoſe whitened ſpire roſe above the foliage of a venerable wood, reminded me of my loſt patron, whoſe cold remains were mouldering within its hallowed precincts. Such were the occupations of the laſt three days; they awakened my regret; they diffuſed a glow of ſenſibility through my heart; the trees, the plants, the ſmalleſt mountain flowers, were greeted with a ſilent tear; and I fancied that the objects of my attention, as though grateful for my pains, looked

more freſh and lovely by every ſigh that eſcaped from my boſom.

It was not till the carriage came to the manor-houſe, ſoon after day-break, that I had reſolution to viſit the apartment which contained the portrait of Sir Edward. I longed, yet dreaded to behold it: I opened the door with a trembling hand, I entered cautiouſly; every thing around me was ſilent, damp, and gloomy: the windows, ſtill dim with the morning dew, ſhed a cold and melancholy light, which ſeemed congenial to the temper of my mind and the taſk I was about to execute. I advanced a few paces within the apartment—ſtopped—ſhuddered—looked back towards the threſhold, half fearful, half determined—again ſtepped forward, and ſtood for ſeveral minutes gazing on thoſe features which I had kiſſed a thouſand times with the moſt ardent affection, ſcarcely able to refrain from addreſſing the ſenſeleſs canvaſs,

and

and telling it that I was about to quit Glenowen. Something like an adieu faultered on my lips, when I fancied that the countenance bore *traits* of tender reproach; I climbed a table which ſtood beneath the portrait—the eyes ſeemed full of tears—I kiſſed the cheek—it was cold and humid; my boſom thrilled—I deſcended haſtily—the eyes appeared to follow me—I ruſhed out of the apartment overwhelmed with terror and diſtreſs.

Mr. Hanbury met me at the door, and led me through the great hall towards the park: on the ſteps ſtood Mr. Martlet and my tyrant Mrs. Dickens; they overpowered me with careſſes: I ſhrunk from them with abhorrence: all their paſt inhumanity ruſhed into my mind; I looked at Mr. Hanbury with an indignant ſmile, while the ſhe-dragon endeavoured to drop a tear, which nature denied, becauſe it was ſummoned

by hypocriſy.—" We ſhall break our hearts at loſing our little maſter," cried Mrs. Dickens; " for," continued the ſhrewd diſſembler, " we love him very dearly."

" Since when?" ſaid I, in a tone of reſentment which interrupted her. Mr. Hanbury reproved my ungracious manner, while I darted into the carriage, which, as ſoon as my new aſſociate had taken his ſeat, proceeded along the park. As we loſt ſight of Glenowen, my companion endeavoured to divert my mind, by anticipating the ſcenes through which we were deſtined to paſs, during our long journey; yet my fancy lingered on the portrait of Sir Edward; and I thought that, could it have been the partner of our travels, I ſhould have felt completely happy. I recollected that it was left with the crabbed houſe-keeper; and, knowing that it had not the power

to

to complain, I concluded that it would be entirely neglected.

I am minute, amiable Roſanna, even to the moſt trivial circumſtance; not becauſe I ſuppoſe that the propenſities, thoughts, and feelings of an infant can intereſt you ſtrongly; but in order to extenuate the errors of a more advanced age, by proving that the miſeries of this ſublunary journey in a great degree depend on our commencement of it. You will be convinced at leaſt, that it was ſo with me, by the diſaſtrous events which compoſe my melancholy ſtory.

It is impoſſible to delineate the impreſſions which my mind received from the variety of wonders which preſented themſelves as we advanced on our *route*; the beauties of nature charmed me, almoſt to ecſtaſy; glowing, luxuriant, and perpetually changing. The rich diverſity on every ſide aſtoniſhed and delight-

ed: for I had, till that period, believed that the old manor-houſe of Glenowen was the largeſt in the world; and that every object, rich or faſcinating, was confined to the ſcene which had witneſſed my raptures and my tears.

Mr. Hanbury, who, from the commencement of our journey, denominated himſelf my tutor, obſerved the animation of my heart, and hourly enlightened my dawning reaſon by the mildeſt precepts of philanthropy, while the love of human kind was pourtrayed in colours ſo bewitching, that I felt my boſom glow even to enthuſiaſm.

Lady Aubrey had, in her letter to Mr. Martlet, deſired that, excluſive of the money allowed for our travelling expences, one guinea ſhould be preſented to me for the gratification of my childiſh propenſities. It has been a ſubject of obſervation to me through life, that no circumſtance more decidedly marks

the bent of young and opening minds than the manner of expending the trifling ſums which are generally allowed for the recreations of infancy. Nothing expands the heart like the conſciouſneſs of independence; and no ſenſation ſo deeply implants the virtues in the human breaſt, as the pleaſure of doing a benevolent action: why then is infancy to be deprived of a gratification which would, by exerciſe, become habitual? Every faculty of the ſoul is delighted by the power of doing good; a power, which cannot be permitted too early, or practiſed too often.

On the morning of our departure from Glenowen, for the firſt time in my life, I felt rich and independent. The guinea which Mr. Hanbury preſented to me ſeemed ſufficient for every worldly gratification; I gazed on it with rapture.—"Is it my own?" inquired I,

with a voice rendered inarticulate by ecſtaſy.

I was anſwered in the affirmative.

" Can I do whatever I like with it?"

I was told that I could.

" And am I *obliged* to love you, and to obey you, becauſe you gave it to me?"

" Certainly not," replied my tutor.

" Then I *will* love you and obey you too," ſaid I, ſnatching his hand, and embracing it with affection.

Here, Roſanna, let me apologize for that egotiſm which is unavoidable. I am delineating a portrait from nature; my hand is guided by the ſacred impulſe of truth; and if the earlieſt outlines are advantageous, you will alſo find that the darker ſhades ſhall not be tinted over by the touches of a flattering pencil. We do not create ourſelves; Nature is a liberal parent; and were not her children the ſlaves of prejudice, or

the

the dupes of their own paſſions, the circle of enlightened humanity would enlarge, till vice and folly would be extinguiſhed in its luſtre.

CHAP. V.

At the cloſe of our firſt day's journey, aſcending a ſteep hill, I could not help remarking the exertions of the horſes, and condemning myſelf for ſitting contentedly while they were obliged to perform ſuch painful labour. I propoſed quitting the chaiſe, and walking to the ſummit of the acclivity; Mr. Hanbury acceded to the ſuggeſtion, and, with eager alacrity, I leaped from the vehicle, which ſeemed conſiderably lightened by the ſtep which I had taken. The poſt-boy thanked me; and as we continued

to aſcend, the converſation became general; the lad, though of ſimple manners, evidently poſſeſſed a mild and compaſſionating heart. He lamented the ſufferings of animals, whoſe weary limbs could ſcarcely perform the taſk allotted them*. "This beaſt," ſaid he, pointing to the ſhaft-horſe, "has won many a plate at Newmarket, and had grooms to attend him; and, in his young days, was the pride of his pedigree. Poor fellow!" continued the poſt-boy, "he is out of favour now, and forced to put up with hard uſage."

"Is he *forced* to bear it?" ſaid I, with an indignant ſenſation, which never failed to attend the idea of compulſion.

* The miſeries of that noble and uſeful animal the horſe have frequently excited the pity of humane and thinking minds; but no one has more pathetically deſcribed its ſufferings than Mr. Pratt, in his charming volumes of "Gleanings."

The

The poſtboy ſmiled in pity. "His labours will ſoon be finiſhed," anſwered he; "for my maſter only keeps a limited number of horſes, and he bought a ſucceſſor for poor Match'em this morning."

"What! is *another* coming to take his place?" ſaid I, while tears guſhed from my eyes; tears impelled by the ſtrong power of ſympathy. "Where will he go? what will become of him? Will you ſell him for a guinea?"

"I dare not diſpoſe of my maſter's property," replied the lad; "but a guinea is as much as he is worth: his old bones have ſcarcely fleſh to cover them; though I warrant his coat was once as ſleek as the doe." Here the poſt-boy gently ſmoothed the panting ſide of the meagre animal, who, turning his head round, with ſpeaking eyes ſeemed to thank him for his kindneſs.

"Perhaps he will get well again, and be happy," ſaid I.

"Not in this world!" anſwered the poſtillion.

"Will he in the next?" inquired I.

Mr. Hanbury ſmiled. "His deſtiny will end with this life," ſaid my tutor. "He has not an immortal ſoul, as you have."

"How are you certain of that?" cried I, ſtill watching the exhauſted poſt-horſe.

"Reflection tells me ſo," replied Mr. Hanbury. "Brutes have only inſtinct; man has reaſon."

"And has not this poor old fellow *feeling* as well as I?"

"Unqueſtionably."

"Then is not the man who can treat him ill as great a brute as he?" Mr. Hanbury ſighed, but made no anſwer. I continued, "It is very hard to endure a life

a life of toil in this world, and to have no hopes of reward in the next. Where will he go when he dies?—Will Mrs. Dickens be happier than he? I am ſure he never did half ſo many wicked things."

"Poor Match'em will go to the kennel," ſaid the poſt-boy; "and the hounds will have but a ſcanty meal neither." The idea electrified my heart, and rouſed all its ſenſibilities. I threw myſelf on a bank by the road ſide, and wept aloud. It was in vain that Mr. Hanbury reproved my conduct, called it childiſh, and conjured me to be more a man. The impreſſion was deep and indelible—ſupplanted by another—driven from every happineſs—ill-treated—condemned to milery. The fate of Match-'em bore too ſtriking a ſimilarity to my own to be paſſed over in ſilence: my grief was inordinate; and, as neither art nor perſuaſion could tempt me to enter

the

the carriage, we proceeded the remainder of the ſtage on foot; the horſes following ſlowly by the path ſide.

On our arrival at the inn I ſtole from my tutor, who was engaged in paying the poſtillion and ordering ſupper, and followed Match'em to the ſtable-yard. I waited while he was rubbed down and watered; I remained by till his feed was ſet before him: but he was too weary and feeble to eat; his hollow eyes were glazed with the film of age; his meagre ſides ſeemed to pant for a ſhort hour of wretchedneſs, and he ſunk on his litter, wholly exhauſted. I knelt on the ſtraw, and endeavoured to cheer him by many ſoothing expreſſions; I ſtroked his lean lank cheek repeatedly: he looked at me with an expreſſion that wrung my heart in every fibre. "Poor Match'em!" ſaid I, "if thou wert mine thou ſhouldſt never toil again: thou ſhouldſt have green meadows and clear

clear ſprings to comfort thee. No new favourite ſhould ſupplant thee in my affections; I would love thee for thy paſt merit, and thou ſhouldſt die calmly and contentedly." I thought he ſighed and ſhuddered.

A young horſe ſtood in the adjoining ſtall; for a moment I quitted my ſituation and viewed him attentively. He was in perfect condition; his eyes ſparkled with the fire of youth; his coat was ſmooth as the roe-buck; his limbs were firm and ſinewy; he reared his head, as if triumphant; he breathed animation. This, thought I, is the fellow who is come to ſupplant poor Match'em. I turned away with diſguſt; and, as I again bent my boſom over the worn-out ſufferer, a tear fell on his innocent face, which relieved a heart that was overcharged with pity.

At this moment the maſter of the inn entered the ſtable.

"What

"What are you doing here, young gentleman?" ſaid he; "your companion has been looking after you this half hour." He took my hand, and would have led me out of the ſtable, but I reſiſted firmly.

"What do you want?" cried the inn-keeper.

"To buy this old horſe," ſaid I.

"Lord love your heart," continued the hoſt, "what can you do with him?"

"Any thing but kill him," anſwered I with emotion, ſomewhat expreſſive of anger at the idea.

"What will you give for him?" cried the inn-keeper.

"A guinea;" and the piece of gold was out of my pocket in an inſtant.

"You ſhall have him for two," ſaid the hard dealer.—"His hide is worth the money: indeed I have bargained for as much; but as you ſeem ſtruck with the

the poor beaſt, you ſhall have the preference."

Bargained for as much! thought I. Inhuman, ſordid man! was it for ſuch a vile return that he has toiled and worn his wretched limbs even to the very bone? Has he run his race and ended his career of triumphs, to be at laſt ſo baſely bartered for? Would not his few ſhort days, the remnant of a weary life, paſſed in ſome calm and ſilent valley, have repaid thee tenfold for thy pity? Thou unkind maſter! Cannot his meagre form, his dim, yet ſpeaking eyes, move thy unfeeling boſom to mitigate his ſentence? "Thou ſhalt not periſh!" exclaimed I, as the inn-keeper led me acroſs the threſhold. I broke from him, and flew to Mr. Hanbury. I told him how, and where I had paſſed my truant moments—he had not reſolution to condemn me.

Encou-

Encouraged by his forgiveneſs, I ventured to urge my ſuit. I poured forth the ſorrows of my boſom in all the genuine eloquence of nature; the guinea was ſtill clenched in my hand; when looking round with a countenance of deſpair, my eyes were faſcinated by an engraving, which hung over the chimney: it was the portrait of Match'em.—He was there pictured in all his vigour, youth, and beauty, his groom attending him. Mr. Hanbury read the lines printed beneath the plate; they told his pedigree—they recorded his triumphs. I could only articulate "Look at him!" when the power of ſpeech was ſubdued by the exceſs of ſorrow.

Mr. Hanbury ſent for the inn-keeper; as he entered the room my heart throbbed with hope and apprehenſion. He had a ſcowling brow, and his features ſeemed caſt in the iron mould of ſeverity. The portrait of Match'em lay on the

the table before me. With what tender commiſeration did I behold his taper limbs! his eyes, whoſe animation was ſo well delineated by the nice touches of the artiſt. I fancied that I ſaw him flying over the extenſive downs with the ſwiftneſs of the wind, and diſtancing his bold competitors, while every artery in his fine form ſeemed new-ſtrung by the conſciouſneſs of victory. My mind was rapt in meditation, when Mr. Hanbury demanded, "Will you ſell old Match'em."

I repeated his words inſtantaneouſly. The inn-keeper was too expert in the ways of traffic not to make his advantage of our humanity. Five guineas was the ſum demanded; not without many encomiums on the good qualities yet remaining, to authoriſe the price.—"The horſe, ſir, is a good horſe, and with a little care may yet do many a day's hard work. I have no great mind to part with

with him at all; but as you ſeem to have taken ſuch a liking to him, to oblige the young gentleman—"

Mr. Hanbury interrupted him by offering four guineas. The hoſt concluded the converſation by accepting the ſum, and we ſat down to ſupper equally well pleaſed with the adventure of the evening.

Mr. Hanbury's father had already one old penſioner, who merely retained ſtrength to carry him to the neighbouring villages, himſelf being infirm. The venerable ſervant had the range of a ſmall meadow belonging to the parſonage; and it inſtantly occurred to my benevolent tutor, that Match'em might be the companion of his age's ſolitude. The ſuggeſtion made my boſom glow with new delight: we roſe early in the morning to witneſs his departure: I kiſſed his meagre ſhoulder—bade him be ſtout—and told him that the freſh

breezes

breezes from the mountains of Glenowen would cheer his poor old heart: and that when I returned again I ſhould ſee him well and happy. I thought he underſtood me: a lucid drop rolled down his face; I wiped it off, and turning to my tutor exclaimed, "How merry he will be when he finds that he has nobody to control him!" The groom ſmiled at my ſimplicity. It was the unſophiſticated touch of nature, harmonized by pity. From that hour my affection for Mr. Hanbury was firmly rooted in my mind: the ſtrong cords of congeniality united us: he had gratified the firſt wiſh in which my heart had felt a ſerious intereſt; and by enabling me to indulge a benevolent propenſity, had taught me to know the value of exiſtence.

I walked with my tutor to the ſummit of a ſteep hill, and watched the reſcued Match'em as the groom led him acroſs

an extenſive common towards Glenowen. My ſenſations were undeſcribable: he became every moment leſs and leſs diſtinct, and when I totally loſt ſight of him, I could not ſuppreſs the involuntary exclamation, "Thank God! Mrs. Dickens will have nothing to do with him!"

The ſpark of celeſtial ſympathy which has ſince kindled affections, glowing, vivid, agonizing, and fatal! ſeemed from that period to warm my heart: and however trivial ſuch events may appear to the frozen eye of ſtoiciſm, the feeling boſom will allow their claims, and confeſs, that they were the ſure prognoſtics of a life of ſorrow.

CHAP. VI.

MR. Hanbury took more than ordinary pains to expand my thinking faculties; unfolding, by the eloquence of truth, the many worldly cares which humanity is deſtined to encounter: he taught me to explore the page of nature with more than childiſh avidity, and thereby awakened that glowing enthuſiaſm which has been the ſource of all my anguiſh. Events which commonly paſs before the eye of youth like fleeting ſhadows, were to me penetrating and important: for I conſidered the world as a vaſt and varying theatre, where every individual was deſtined to play his part, and to receive the applauſe or diſapprobation of his ſurrounding contemporaries.

In our *route* towards Dover, we ſtopped two days in the metropolis; Mr.

Hanbury had ſome commiſſions to execute for Lady Aubrey, and a draft to receive at her banker's for the expences of our journey. As it was too late on the afternoon of our arrival to tranſact buſineſs, my kind and indulgent tutor propoſed paſſing the evening at the theatre. The play was King Lear. The miſeries of the venerable parent, and the barbarity of his "pelican daughters," by turns rivetted my attention, and penetrated my boſom. The frantic Edgar intereſted me powerfully, till Mr. Hanbury informed me that his frenzy was aſſumed, for the purpoſe of deceiving. Hypocriſy, in whatever ſhape it preſented itſelf, never failed to awaken my abhorrence; to feign was, in my opinion, to be both mean and criminal. The indifference with which I contemplated the pretended maniac, only afforded additional vigour to thoſe feelings which were excited by the neglected father,

father, whoſe injuries, complaints, and unprotected age ſeized on my ſhuddering heart-ſtrings. I trembled, ſighed, and wept, through all the progreſſive ſcenes of his humiliations, till I beheld him, wild and bare-headed, expoſed to all "the pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm." The ſhock was electric; my ſwelling breaſt could not ſuſtain its conflicts; I ſprung from my ſeat, and cried aloud, "Give him my guinea, and ſend him to Glenowen."

The laugh, which this ſpontaneous outrage occaſioned, diſconcerted me. Still my hand graſped the guinea, and my deſire to throw it on the ſtage was with difficulty conquered. Mr. Hanbury had often charged me never to check the divine impulſe of humanity. The ſcene which I contemplated was new to me, and the effect which it produced upon my ſenſes will never be forgotten. I watched my tutor's coun-

tenance, and to its unbending gravity, alone, I attribute the decorum, which marked my conduct during the remainder of the evening. A thouſand times, notwithſtanding the conſtraint placed upon my actions, did my eyes glance alternately at thoſe of Mr. Hanbury and my unpocketed guinea, till the curtain dropped, and my ſpirits were entirely exhauſted.

On the following day we ſet out for Dover: the journey was pleaſant, and my curioſity inordinate; every hour paſſed in queſtions on one ſide, and explanations on the other; for my tutor deemed no leſſon of information too trivial, where a ſtrong deſire after knowledge animated the mind of his pupil. Every moment preſented ſome new wonder; but when the wide and troublous ocean opened to our view, my agitation was infinite. I gazed, mute and immovable during ſeveral minutes;

my

my eye-lids never winked, leſt I ſhould loſe ſight of the object which awakened my aſtoniſhment; while the large, complicated, and moving bodies ploughing through the limpid element, and approaching rapidly towards that part of the liquid plain which ſeemed eternal, produced an awful conſternation, and with a tremulous voice I inquired, "Whither are they going?"

"Far beyond the edge of yonder horizon," replied my tutor.

"Will they never return? Have they no home? Who will take care of them?" were the next queſtions.

"That Supreme Being," replied Mr. Hanbury, "who can command the winds and waters! who can lift the waves like mountains, and quell the loudeſt howling of the tempeſt! He, who harmonizes the varying ſeaſons, regulates the planets, and gives the

wondrous faculty of thought which animates the mind of man!"

"Where does he dwell?" ſaid I, with fearful veneration.

"Every where," replied my tutor. "He knows the ſecrets of all hearts. His power is infinite; his will, omnipotent! we are but creatures formed to obey him;—yet there are thoſe who dare rebel, and—

"How can we offend him, ſince he has power to command our actions and our thoughts?" interrupted I. Mr. Hanbury made no anſwer, but changed the ſubject, by remarking the beauty of the out-ſtretched ocean, faintly tinged with the crimſon light which glowed along the weſtern horizon. It was the cloſe of evening; the ſoft and refreſhing breeze ſeemed to whiſper over the gently bounding waters, as if fearful of diſturbing nature, then ſinking to repoſe.

I re-

I returned to the inn, deeply ruminating on the new wonders which I had contemplated.

Early on the following morning we embarked for France. My ſenſations were inconceivable when I found the veſſel buoyant on the waves, and, as I thought, turned adrift, at the mercy of a tremendous element. The land, as it ſeemed to recede, acquired an intereſting ſomething, which awakened my affections, and blended with them a regret that was poignant. My tutor watched the riſing emotions of my mind, and was delighted with them. He ſaw my eyes ſuffuſed with tears, my boſom ſtruggling with half-ſtifled ſighs;—I could not conceal my ſenſations;—the love of my country glowed in every veſn, the ſtupendous cliffs, extending their white ramparts round my native iſland, led back my thoughts to the

breezy mountains of Glenowen: the recollection, after ſeven mournful years had elapſed, produced the following

STANZAS.

Farewel, dear Glenowen! adieu to thy mountains,
Where oft I have wander'd to welcome the day;
Farewel to thy foreſts, thy cryſtalline fountains
Which ſtray thro' the valley, and moan as they ſtray.
O'er wide foamy waters I'm deſtin'd to travel,
A poor, ſimple exile, forlorn and unknown;
Yet while the dark fates ſhall my fortune unravel,
My thoughts, my affections ſhall ſtill be thy own.

Thy cities, proud Gallia, thy wide-ſpreading treaſures,
Thy vallies, where nature luxuriantly roves,
May bid the heart, dancing to fancy's wild meaſures,
Forget, for a moment, its own native groves:
But where is the boſom that ſighs not in ſorrow,
Eſtrang'd from dear objects, to wander alone;
Still counting the moments, from morrow to morrow,
A poor weary traveller, loſt and unknown?

Sweet

Sweet viſtas of myrtle, and paths of gay roſes,
And hills deck'd with vineyards, and woodlands with ſhade,
Freſh banks of young vi'lets, where fancy repoſes,
And courts gentle ſlumbers her viſions to aid;
The dark ſilent grotto, the ſoft-flowing fountains,
Where Nature's own muſic flow murmurs along;
The ſun-beams that dance on the pine-cover'd mountains,
May waken to rapture their own native throng.

But thou, dear Glenowen! canſt bring ſweeter pleaſure,
All barren and bleak as thy ſummits appear;
And tho' thou canſt boaſt of no rich gaudy treaſure,
Still memory traces thy charms, with a tear!
The keen blaſt may howl, o'er thy vallies and mountains,
And ſtrip the rich verdure that mantles each tree;
And winter may bind, in cold fetters, thy fountains,
And ſtill thou art dear, O Glenowen! to me.

After a voyage of four hours we landed at Calais. The manners of the people, their dreſs, and their language, which was to my ears an unintelligible jargon, faſcinated my attention, till we

reached the hotel; the hoſt met us at the outward gate, and conducted us to the beſt apartments. I was now addreſſed by the title of *Monſieur*, and ſometimes of *Milor*:—every body ſeemed to pay court to me; and I began to imagine that there was an air of importance about my perſon, which demanded their reſpect. Indeed a youth, of ſcarcely ſeven years old, attended by his tutor, and already commencing his travels, was no common object, and Mr. Hanbury's manners, united to an exterior of the firſt order, gave me a conſiderable degree of conſequence. Vanity, notwithſtanding, induced me to believe, that my own qualifications afforded me an excluſive right to that admiration, which was merely the effect of adventitious circumſtances.

The firſt idea that ſtruck my mind was the diſplay of my riches; and while Mr. Hanbury ordered dinner, I propoſed

poſed to the maſter of the hotel to change my guinea. Three French crowns, and a few pieces of non-deſcript copper, bearing neither date nor impreſſion to aſcertain their country or their value, were returned for my mine of gold, and I thought myſelf the happieſt of beings.

We dined luxurioufly; our deſert was profuſe and delicious: I had never before taſted wine, and I drank with ecſtaſy. My tutor, ſoon after dinner, quitted the room, to attend the debarkation of our luggage: during his abſence the glaſs was not idle: ſeated at the head of the table with ſuch a repaſt before me, I fancied myſelf an immortal. I touched every thing, I taſted all; again, and again, the exhilarating nectar ſparkled in its "cryſtal bounds;" and I began to think that I had never exiſted till that moment.

Animated

Animated by the juice of the grape, I ſallied forth, and knew not whither I was ſtraying till I found myſelf on the pier. I ſat down on a parcel of goods which had been recently landed, and began to ruminate on what had paſſed ſince my departure from Glenowen. The portrait of Sir Edward, and the worn-out Match'em divided my reflections, when a youth advanced to the extremity of the pier, leading a beautiful ſpaniel, round whoſe ſoft and ſilky neck a cord was faſtened, at the end of which I obſerved a large ſtone, placed there in order to facilitate his ſinking.

I ruſhed forward, and, juſt as the lad was about to plunge the unoffending victim into the deep and turbulent abyſs, ſeized the cord, and grappling with the deſtroyer, demanded to know the cauſe of ſo barbarous an action. The boy did not underſtand my language, neither was I acquainted with his. My diſtreſs was infinite,

infinite, when a revenue officer, who was waiting to inſpect a veſſel juſt entering the harbour, undertook to be our interpreter.

I ſoon learnt that the ſpaniel belonged to an Engliſh woman of faſhion, who had that day landed at Calais; and who, having purchaſed a French lapdog, to be the partner of her journey to the South of France, had cruelly condemned her faithful companion to a watery ſepulchre. All the energies of my ſoul were rouſed to arms at the recital. What! deſerted for *another*, thought I: doomed to periſh in order to make room for a *new* favourite! I could not bear the idea.

The clear and ſparkling eyes of the beautiful animal ſeemed to implore my protection. He licked my hand; and again his looks were meekly perſuaſive. The boy informed me that he was to receive half a crown for the deſtruction

of

of an inoffenſive creature, whoſe appearance convinced me that he had *once* been a favourite. I ſighed;—conviction ſtruck upon my heart, and told me that *my* fate was not ſingular: that to be beloved one day, and deſerted the next, were no new inſtances of the inconſtancy which debaſes the human mind. The lad informed me that he was in haſte, as the lady waited to reward him for his trouble. "For," continued he, "ſhe thought it better to let him die, than to leave him to the mercy of a new maſter."

There was ſomething like pity in this; and yet, that he ſhould be diſcarded at all, was inhuman. While this reflection ruſhed acroſs my mind, my hand inſtinctively fathomed my treaſury, and double the ſum which was offered for his death was tendered as his ranſom. Our interpreter was not to loſe his time, or waſte his words without a re-

a recompence; he hoped that "my Lord would be pleaſed to remember him," and his hopes were gratified; a crown was beſtowed as a reward for his ſervices; and Heaven can bear witneſs, that I never ſhall forget him!

Language cannot deſcribe what I felt, when I beheld the ſtone looſened from the cord, and diſappearing in the ocean which was ſo near being the grave of the deſerted favourite. How fondly did I ſtroke his gloſſy coat, beautifully variegated with white and yellow, while he gazed in my face, and, jumping to my breaſt, by a thouſand dumb, yet eloquent emotions, evinced his gratitude. I have often remarked, that the inſtinct of brutes diſplays thoſe meek affections, that pure and gentle fidelity, and that noble ſenſe of benefits received, which might ſpread the bluſh of ſhame over ſome of our moſt enlightened philoſophers,

phers, and even authoriſe the doctrines of Pythagoras.

The day began to cloſe, and I to think of Mr. Hanbury, when, to my infinite joy, I obſerved him haſtening towards me. He reproved me for quitting the hotel, and for wandering alone, without his permiſſion. But when I explained the cauſe of my remaining ſo long abſent, his attention was transferred to my *protegée*, and my fault was entirely forgotten.

We returned to the hotel, where, on my relating the adventure, I was informed, that the unkind miſtreſs of *Chance*, for ſuch was the name which I gave the ſpaniel, had departed more than half an hour with her new companion. I inquired her name, and found that it was Lady Emily Delvin, a young and beautiful widow, who was making the tour of France and Italy, in ſearch of conqueſt.

We

We continued our journey: Chance, by inceſſant attentions, every hour ſeemed to attach himſelf more firmly: I talked to him on every ſubject, and fancied that he comprehended every queſtion. Mr. Hanbury encouraged my affection for my dog, becauſe he conſidered it as a trait of univerſal benevolence. Alas! why are we born with feelings that deſtroy us? Why is the human breaſt ſo ſenſitively organized, only to cheriſh ſorrow, and to ſhrink with torture from the touch of perſecution? What is that pleaſing, painful, undefinable ſpell, which faſtens round the heart, and preſſes to the palpitating fibres, an unremitting ſenſe of miſery? Is it virtue? Is it nature? Tell me, my gentle friend, for thou haſt a ſoul alive to all the throbs of ſympathy and feeling!

CHAP. VII.

My affection for my faithful Chance was commended in the warmeſt terms by my amiable tutor. As a domeſtic animal the dog has ever been my favourite; and it has never been a matter of ſurpriſe to me, that thoſe creatures, whoſe ſagacity frequently approaches to reaſon, have been mentioned by the moſt celebrated writers of antiquity.

Plutarch, in relating the departure of the Athenians from Athens in the time of Themiſtocles, deſcribes, with benevolent energy, the cries and melancholy howlings of the dogs they left behind. One, in particular, was the theme of his panegyric: the faithful animal followed his maſter acroſs the ocean as far as Salamis; when he died, the Athenians honoured him with a tomb; and the part

of

of the iſland where his bones were depoſited, was called the Dog's Grave, in commemoration of his fidelity.

My love for animals was ſedulouſly cultivated by Mr. Hanbury, who upon all occaſions expatiated on the enormity of exerciſing cruel propenſities. He conſidered the conduct of children towards the brute ſpecies, as the ſtrongeſt prognoſtic of their affections for their own. The ſmalleſt inſect was not too mean for his obſervation or his ſympathy; and he often repeated the beautiful lines of the immortal bard:

"— The poor beetle that we tread upon,
"In corporal ſufferance finds a pang as great,
"As when a giant dies."

Mr. Hanbury was not ſingular in his opinion, reſpecting the care which ought to be taken, during our childhood, to cultivate humanity, and to awaken its fineſt feelings for every thing that lives; for

for Locke commends that mother who rewards or puniſhes her offspring, in proportion as they are kind or ungentle towards the dumb creation.

We travelled without interruption till we came within a few poſts of Nice. The ſhort period which had elapſed ſince I quitted my native mountains, had completely metamorphoſed my outward appearance; and no leſs expanded the powers of mental cultivation. I ſtudied in the ſchool of nature! I ſaw the ſofteſt ſhowers invigorate the opening buds of ſpring; I beheld them burſting forth to imbibe the ethereal diſtillations. I remarked them as they unfolded their leaves, exhaled their perfumes, flaunted their variegated colours, and, by progreſſive warmth, were nouriſhed to perfection. The lofty foreſt trees ſeemed like the lords of the vegitating world; and yet I ſaw them levelled to the duſt, and wither, like the moſt obnoxious

weed or ſimpleſt flower. Theſe obſervations were encouraged by Mr. Hanbury, whoſe method of inculcating knowledge was, by convincing arguments, conveyed in the pureſt language of truth. He often repeated a maxim of an ill-fated boy *, (whoſe death will ever ſtigmatize his nation,) that "every thing was within the power of man, if he would but ſtretch forth his arms to reach it."

The kindneſs of Lady Aubrey, in drawing me from the deep ſolitude in which I had been obſcured from my birth, filled my boſom with unbounded gratitude: all her former neglect was forgiven, in the hope that my vexations were at an end, and the dawn of happineſs at length opening on my proſpects.

It is impoſſible to give you any idea of my agitation, when Mr. Hanbury in-

* Chatterton.

formed

formed me, that in a few hours I ſhould embrace Lady Aubrey, and my little couſin Sir Sidney. A mixture of pride and affection ſtruggled in my breaſt, when I recollected that the latter had been the origin of all my humiliations. I queſtioned my tutor, whether I ought to love Sir Sidney as dearly as though he had never been my enemy. "Love him, in proportion as he is deſerving," replied Mr. Hanbury; "and, above all things, be careful not to form a too haſty opinion. An exterior will often deceive the moſt minute obſerver; and the fineſt faculties of the ſoul will ſometimes lie dormant, for want of circumſtances to call them into action. The diſtributed portions of intellect are more equal than ſome philoſophers will acknowledge; and half the powers of mind that have illumined the habitable globe, owe their diſplay to the combinations of chance, and the poliſh of education."

"Shall

"Shall I ever be as great as Sir Sidney?" ſaid I.

"Greater, if you are more wiſe and virtuous," replied Mr. Hanbury.

"Then he will not govern me?" ſaid I, ſmiling.

"That does not follow," anſwered my tutor. "The moſt deſerving are often under the control of the moſt vicious."

"Then what are the advantages of being good?"

"The reward will be beyond the reach of oppreſſion: it will centre in the mind!" replied Mr. Hanbury.

"Then the virtuous mind is ſure of happineſs?" ſaid I.

"Not always," replied my tutor, ſighing; "the world is ſwayed by powers, which conſiſt of many evils; inordinate wealth, ambition, pride, and arrogance frequently triumph over the moſt tranſcendant virtues; yet they find

their votaries; while modeſt merit is condemned to pine in anguiſh; ſcoffed at by the ignorant; and perſecuted by the vicious."

"How ſhall I eſcape the enemies of virtue?" ſaid I, earneſtly.

"By arming your mind with fortitude; and meeting their injuſtice with contempt. If you would bring a villain to ſhame, repay his injuries with ſcorn. Evince the proud ſuperiority of rectitude, by pity; and leave it to the mirror of reflection, to diſplay that deformity from which conſcious innocence ſhrinks with abhorrence." Here the converſation ended.

The laſt day's journey ſeemed the moſt tedious I had ever known. The beauties of nature could not intereſt a mind poſſeſſed by thought, and agitated by expectation. I anticipated the affectionate embraces of Lady Aubrey, and the welcome ſmiles of my little couſin.

I was

I was delighted, almoſt to ecſtaſy! What vivid, what ſpontaneous joys quickened my pulſes, and increaſed the glow of circulation! I was, by turns, animated by hope, and intimidated by apprehenſion. Alas! from the period that reaſon begins to ſhoot, the mind of man is a chaos of perpetual warfare; the affections of our early days combat with the propenſities of nature, and ſtruggle in the fetters of contradiction. The paſſions ſucceed; the ſtormy paſſions! pride, ambition, *love!*

Oh! memory! Here let me drop the pen, leſt I ſhould blot the melancholy record with a tear that would unman me.

CHAP. VIII.

THE carriage ſtopped at the gate of Lady Aubrey's hotel, and we were uſhered into a ſplendid ſaloon, which was prepared for an aſſembly. The ſervant informed us, that Lady Aubrey was engaged at her toilette, and that Sir Sidney had already retired to reſt: for day had cloſed ſome time when we reached the end of our journey. The domeſtic, who though a Gaſcon ſpoke Engliſh fluently, entered into converſation with us, in a tone ſo conceited and familiar, that I was at a loſs to diſcover his meaning; "You are the little boy whom my Lady has ſent for, to wait on Sir Sidney," ſaid he, looking down on me with a contemptuous ſmile. I made no anſwer.—

"Poor fellow!" continued he, "you muſt mind how you conduct yourſelf in

this family, for my Lady is very difficult to pleaſe, and hates all children, excepting Sir Sidney."

"This character does little credit to your Lady's heart," ſaid Mr. Hanbury ſternly.

"Why as for that," continued the coxcomb, preſenting his ſnuff-box to my tutor, "my Lady is a little comical, to be ſure; but women are ſtrange creatures, and have odd fancies. Lady Aubrey has but one favourite in the world, beſides Sir Sidney; and to ſay the truth, her attachment has lately become perfectly ridiculous."

"Puppy!" exclaimed Mr. Hanbury in a half whiſper.—The flippant valet reſumed the converſation.

"For my part, I am abſolutely jealous of my Lady's partiality for an object unworthy of her regard; and I have not heſitated to acquaint her ladyſhip with my ſentiments on the ſubject."

"Your Lady has, at leaſt, one virtue," ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"And what is that?" cried the valet.

"Patience."

"Why, faith, I think ſo," anſwered Lafond, "for ſhe endures the ſhackles of a tyrant with a degree of forbearance that is aſtoniſhing."

"Indeed!"

"Oh! quite notorious! all Nice talks of it."

"So much the worſe!" cried Mr. Hanbury gravely.

"I am weary of ſeeing things as they are," ſaid Lafond; "and if they do not mend, I ſhall move my quarters very ſpeedily."

"So much the better," replied my tutor haſtily. Lafond proceeded:—

"And yet I ſhall be ſorry to leave Lady Aubrey, for I am the beſt friend ſhe has in the family."

"So I perceive," ſaid Mr. Hanbury, ſmiling.

"But

"But if she will disgrace herself by such an attachment, in defiance of reason and good counsel, she must expect nothing but contempt from those, who know how things ought to be. I often tell my Lady, that she should not countenance impertinent advisers."

"Indeed! and how does she take it?"

"A little peevish for an hour or two, and then, all is forgotten."

"'Tis a pity that she should forget such wise counsel," said my tutor contemptuously; "or that a woman should be peevish towards one who is so tenacious of her reputation."

"There is the mischief," replied Lasond. "If she would but remove one person from her affections, she would stop the current of abuse that flows from as black a heart as ever disgraced the human breast."

"Granted," said Mr. Hanbury.

"You ſeem to be a man of good underſtanding," continued Lafond, again tendering his enamelled ſnuff-box; "and I ſhall be glad to ſee you exert your intereſt with my Lady, for the removal of her enemy."

"You may depend upon my zeal on the occaſion," replied my tutor, looking ſternly at Lafond. "Her enemy ſhall be removed; and, if ſhe has an atom of pride or reſentment in her nature, that very ſhortly."

"You will do her a kindneſs which never can be ſufficiently repaid," cried the Gaſcon, not comprehending Mr. Hanbury's meaning.

"I am of your opinion," ſaid Mr. Hanbury ſharply. "He who ſees a ſerpent winding round a ſleeping victim, and forbears to wake him, is anſwerable for the miſchiefs of its ſting."

"Very well deſcribed! very well indeed!" anſwered Lafond. "You are a man of ſome knowledge, I perceive."

"Not

"Not much, and yet I know a ſcoundrel when I ſee him." The tone and look, with which this laſt remark was uttered, left no room to doubt its application. Lafond hummed a tune, and quitted the apartment.

"A lover! a favourite! living under the roof with Lady Aubrey," cried my tutor, "what can it mean? This event will account for her long abſence from her native country;—for her neglect of thee, my poor ill-treated boy." He walked about the ſaloon agitated and amazed; frequently gazing on me, with a mixture of pity and affection.

We had remained more than an hour in the ſaloon, when Mrs. Blagden, whom we found in the character of Sir Sidney's governeſs, entered, and immediately conducted us to Lady Aubrey's dreſſing-room. She received us politely; but there was a reſerve in her manner which was chillingly repulſive. After thank-

ing Mr. Hanbury for the trouble which he had taken, ſhe added, glancing at me for the firſt time, "Poor Walſingham! why he looks like a wild inhabitant of the Welſh mountains! I hope, notwithſtanding, that he will prove worthy of my favour; though," added ſhe, after a ſhort pauſe, during which ſhe adjuſted her head-dreſs, "we ſeldom find much gratitude from poor relations." I turned my eyes towards Mr. Hanbury, who, perceiving my mortification, preſſed my hand affectionately. Lady Aubrey continued:

"I hope, Sir, you have taught this child to know his ſituation."

"I have, Madam; and to know *himſelf* alſo," replied my tutor.

"I don't perceive the leaſt family likeneſs," ſaid Lady Aubrey, looking at her glaſs and me, alternately.

"Not the leaſt," rejoined Mr. Hanbury emphatically.

"I ſuppoſe

"I ſuppoſe the poor thing is terribly ignorant," continued Lady Aubrey; "he has been very much neglected."

"He has indeed!" replied my tutor, ſighing.

"I think he is very lucky to be taken care of at all," cried Mrs. Blagden, with a malicious ſneer that made me ſhiver. "As for education, it would only be thrown away upon him; for he ſeems to be but a ſtupid dolt, only fit to live in obſcurity."

"Well," ſaid Lady Aubrey, "it cannot be helped; we muſt ſee what can be done with him. I dare ſay he will be quite poliſhed enough for the rank he will hold in ſociety."

"He has intellects of the firſt order," cried my indulgent and partial tutor.

Lady Aubrey ſhook her head and continued: "You have not ſeen Sir Sidney; he is quite a miracle! So beautiful! ſo clever! all the world talks of him."

I was aſtoniſhed, when ſhe made this aſſertion, that, during our long journey, we had never once heard his name mentioned. At this moment the door was opened, and a young man of faſhionable appearance entered. On perceiving ſtrangers, he ſtarted back, and would have retired, but Lady Aubrey informed him, in a loud whiſper, that we were "people of no conſequence, and would be diſmiſſed in a few moments."

To bear, and to forbear, is the province of humble worth: yet the conſciouſneſs of innate virtue, oppoſed to the emptineſs of pride and inſolence of power, makes the ſcale of juſtice even; and amply recompenſes the enlightened mind for the deficiencies of fortune. Mr. Hanbury repaid the arrogance of Lady Aubrey with a ſmile of commiſeration, as he roſe to quit the room, when the young viſitor taking my hand exclaimed, "Where the devil did you

come

come from? Upon my honour, I never ſaw any thing half ſo comical!"

"I came from Glenowen," ſaid I, bluſhing and mortified.

"From Glenowen!" cried the inquiſitive ſtranger; "I ſhould rather have conjectured that thy tawny phyſiognomy had firſt met the light in the wilds of Otaheite. What is thy name, my man of copper?"

"Walſingham Ainsforth," anſwered I, reddening and confuſed.

"And who is this?" continued the bud of nobility, turning towards Mr. Hanbury, who was mute with aſtoniſhment.

"My tutor," replied I.

"Thy tutor, boy!" exclaimed the viſitor; "and what does he teach thee? to yell the war-whoop, or to hunt the wild bear?"

"Not exactly either," interrupted Mr. Hanbury. "The knowledge I wiſh

wiſh to inculcate, is more rational, though not leſs perilous."

"And pray, Sir, what ſpecies of knowledge may that be?" ſaid the lordling, ſmiling at Lady Aubrey.

"To chaſtiſe the inſolence of pride, and to make folly feel its own inſignificance," replied my tutor.

"An occupation of infinite toil," cried the ſtranger: "pray did you ever practiſe the leſſon you inculcate?"

"I never felt an inclination to try the experiment, till you ſuggeſted its neceſſity," ſaid Mr. Hanbury. "But if I ſhould find an occaſion which will benefit ſociety, I do not fear the reſult, either morally or religiouſly."

"A very refined hypotheſis!" cried my adverſary. "It ſeems you are a profound logician."

"I am fond of exploring truth," ſaid Mr. Hanbury, "and no leſs eager in condemning folly."

"And

"And what is the puniſhment you generally inflict?" inquired the viſitor.

"Contemptuous ſilence," anſwered my tutor.

"Pray, my dear Lord," interrupted Lady Aubrey, "do not waſte your words in altercation with a pedant; Mr. Hanbury is an adept in the mazes of controverſy; for he and I have not agreed on any one point, ſince the firſt moment we met."

"A proof of his ignorance, that admits of no denial," ſaid Lord Linbourne, bowing affectedly to Lady Aubrey.

"Say rather of my ſincerity," cried Mr. Hanbury: "my reſpect for Lady Aubrey will never induce me to flatter her opinions, where I believe them to be erroneous."

"You will have ſome difficulty in convincing me that Lady Aubrey can err," replied Lord Linbourne.

My

My tutor ſmiled; "Lady Aubrey is mortal," cried he.

"Impertinent!" exclaimed her ladyſhip, "I never heard ſo rude a remark." At this moment Lady Aubrey firſt diſcovered my dog Chance, who had followed me into her dreſſing-room. "I hope that animal does not belong to you?" ſaid ſhe, addreſſing Mr. Hanbury with evident diſguſt.

"He belongs to Mr. Ainsforth, Madam."

"Mr. Ainsforth ſhould know, that he is not authoriſed to bring a dog-kennel into my family," ſaid Lady Aubrey. "It is a ſufficient proof of my humanity that I receive *him*."

Mrs. Blagden was now deſired to drive my faithful friend out of the apartment. I graſped her arm, and ſtruggled to ſubdue her; but in vain: he was kicked into the gallery, and I followed, where, ſeating myſelf on the ſtairs with my diſ-

graced

graced companion, I ſought relief from a deluge of tears. Better, thought I, would it have been, to have periſhed in the ocean, than to live at the mercy of ſuch a tyrant. Mr. Hanbury remained with Lady Aubrey, and I heard a warm altercation, which concluded by his abruptly quitting the apartment.

"Unfeeling woman!" exclaimed my liberal tutor, taking my hand and leading me down the ſtairs: again we entered the ſaloon; he threw himſelf on a ſofa, and remained ſilent during ſeveral minutes; at length, with ſome heſitation, he addreſſed me: "My dear boy," ſaid he, "you are very young, but you are already capable of diſcrimination. You ſee that Lady Aubrey is proud and ungentle; endeavour to treat her with reſpect; and, if you are not happy in a very ſhort time, you ſhall return with me to Glenowen."

This

This ſoothing language conſoled my unutterable affliction, and my full heart repaid him with a ſigh of gratitude. Lafond now informed us that the company would ſoon aſſemble; and requeſted that we would remove to the apartment of the *maitre d'hotel*. Mr. Hanbury roſe, and we followed, ſilent and aſtoniſhed. Here a new ſcene of humiliation ſucceeded: every individual of the houſehold entered the room, one after the other, to gaze at us, and to make obſervations. They were all foreigners; and though I did not underſtand their words, I could diſcover by their geſtures that I was an object of univerſal commiſeration. The upraiſed eyes and ſignificant ſhrugs of the curious commentators mortified me ſeverely; while Mr. Hanbury, who was perfectly acquainted with the French language, was ſcarcely able to ſmother his indignation.

tion. He obſerved me, as I ſat motionleſs, and the ſmile of approbation ſtruggled with a tear of humanity.

Mrs. Blagden broke in upon our reverie, by informing my tutor, that Lady Aubrey was ſorry ſhe had not an apartment to offer him in her hotel; "but," continued ſhe, "I have made up a bed for the boy, and my Lady deſires that he may not ſit up late." Mr. Hanbury preſſed my arm, and wiſhed me a good night: as I turned from him to attend Mrs. Blagden, he whiſpered, "Do not forget Glenowen." I comprehended his meaning, for his kind promiſe inſtantly darted acroſs my mind; while it cheered my ſpirits, and reconciled me to our ſhort ſeparation.

Mrs. Blagden conducted me to my cloſet, for it had neither chimney nor window: we had paſſed through a magnificent chamber, where the bed-curtains were drawn cloſe, and every thing was ſilent.

ſilent. On Mrs. Blagden's leaving me in total darkneſs, ſhe charged me, on pain of Lady Aubrey's diſpleaſure, not to ſpeak, or make the leaſt noiſe, in the morning, leſt I ſhould diſturb Sir Sidney. At the ſound of his name, the palpitation of my heart quickened. I could not cloſe my eyes till near day-break. I liſtened inceſſantly, to hear if my couſin was ſtirring: Mrs. Blagden ſlept in his apartment, and my buſy mind was occupied by a variety of intereſting ruminations. I recollected the rich cradle which I had ſeen at the manor-houſe, and compared it with the coſtly ſilk bed which was now allotted to the happy Sir Sidney. The only conſolation which my heart experienced was derived from the conſciouſneſs of my perſonal ſtrength; I felt, that, though I might not be allowed to chaſtiſe an inſult, I was at leaſt enabled to reſiſt oppreſſion. It was but an unpropitious

pitious omen, that my earlieſt thoughts were engaged in forming plans to ſubdue that being, who was ordained to intereſt every moment of my exiſtence.

CHAP. IX.

EARLY in the morning, Mrs. Blagden awoke me, and bade me dreſs myſelf, in order that I might paſs through the adjoining apartment, before Sir Sidney was ſtirring. With lingering eyes, and loitering ſteps, I croſſed the chamber, eager and longing to behold that *rara avis* about whom "all the world" was talking: but the curtains were ſtill cloſed, and his governeſs having previouſly commanded me to tread ſoftly, kept her finger on her lip to remind me of her injunction. I deſcended to the *maitre d'hotel*'s room, where Mr. Hanbury waited to receive me.

At

At length the awful moment arrived when we were to meet Sir Sidney Aubrey. We were conducted to his mother's *boudoir*, where we found her reclined on a ſofa, at breakfaſt: my little couſin was ſitting on a cuſhion by her ſide: he was, indeed, beautiful! His countenance was freſh and animated; his perſon well formed, and his eyes expreſſive of ſenſe and benevolence. He was dreſſed in a veſt and pantaloons of blue ſilk, which added much to the clearneſs of his complexion; while the deep glow which mantled over his cheek was contraſted by a profuſion of dark auburn hair, falling in natural ringlets on his ſhoulders. I viewed him with aſtoniſhment, till, glancing at a mirror which was placed over the back of the ſofa, my admiration was converted into chagrin, for there I beheld myſelf; clad in a ſuit of brown fuſtian, with locks ſhort and

jetty;

jetty; and a complexion, as dark as the tablet of my fortune.

My pretty couſin, ſpringing from his ſeat, on tiptoe ſtretched his arms about my neck, and cordially embraced me: his kindneſs cheared my ſinking ſpirits, and reconciled me to myſelf. He addreſſed me in French; I could not anſwer him: Lady Aubrey's emphatic ſarcaſm ſeemed the oracle of truth, and I began to think myſelf "terribly ignorant." At the moment when I was almoſt ſuffocated with confuſion, Sir Sidney ſpoke to me in my native language, and I began, once more, to breathe freely.

Lady Aubrey paſſed the breakfaſt hour in converſation with Mr. Hanbury; and in making remarks, which, in ſpite of the playfulneſs of infancy, perpetually attracted my attention. She lamented that I was "ſo clumſy and unfaſhioned," and was "certain that nobody would believe I was one of the family;" "though,"

"though," continued Lady Aubrey, "he is very like his mother, who had a decided antipathy to the graces."

"I have always heard," replied Mr. Hanbury, "that Mrs. Ainsforth was a good and an enlightened woman."

"Poor Penelope!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey, while a ſudden and unexpected gloom overſpread her features; "you cannot conceive how prettily Walſingham could once recite her epitaph: we uſed to ſit by her tomb whole hours together, and there I taught him to repeat it."

My mother's tomb! Oh God! what a train of melancholy ideas darted athwart my young mind, at that moment! My mother's tomb! thought I; was it over the very boſom which nouriſhed me into ſtrength, that I uſed to ſport, and play, and frolic, unconſcious that ſhe was mouldering beneath my feet? Did I repeat her eulogy with the vacant ſmile

of

of inſenſibility; and was the ſpark of nature extinct within my breaſt, that my eyes beamed gladneſs, when her's were cloſed in death? The dark cold grave was her ſilent reſting-place, while her poor offspring bore the buffetings of fortune, and ſhrunk beneath the tyranny of perſecution! I had never known a mother: I had been thrown on the wide world, like a garden flower, tranſplanted to a deſert; all around me was barren, or overrun with weeds! The ſtorm beat heavy on me; I had no ſhelter but amidſt thorns, which, while they ſcreened me from the tempeſt, wounded and oppreſſed me! I had never taſted the balmy kiſs of maternal fondneſs, except when I was incapable of appreciating its value. I could not help exclaiming, "Happy, happy Sir Sidney! I wiſh I had a mother!" when my tears arreſted the powers of articulation.

"Whatever is, is right," cried Lady Aubrey, who had watched the emotions of my mind, as they were pictured in my face. "If your mother had lived, ſhe would only have made you a pedant."

"Is Sir Sidney a pedant?" ſaid I, with earneſt curioſity, "for I ſhould like to be what he is."

"I dare ſay you would," cried Lady Aubrey; "but you muſt not encourage ſuch aſpiring ideas. They will only, by raiſing your hopes above your fortune, render your humiliation the greater. I wonder," added ſhe, looking at Mr. Hanbury, "who has taught the child ſuch pernicious nonſenſe."

"I never have been taught at all," ſaid I, ſighing deeply.

"So much the worſe," replied Lady Aubrey, "for arrogance is a thriving weed—"

"Which

"Which generally grows in a barren ſoil," interrupted Mr. Hanbury.

My aunt, though ſomewhat diſconcerted, continued:—

"And pray, Walſingham, why would you like to reſemble Sir Sidney?"

"Becauſe he is happy," anſwered I, "and treated kindly."

"You have had a ſubtle tutor," ſaid Lady Aubrey, "and have learnt your leſſon admirably!"

"Mr. Hanbury is my tutor," anſwered I.

"Indeed!" cried my aunt, addreſſing herſelf to my kind and generous friend, "you are likely, Sir, to have but an unprofitable ſituation, in being the preceptor of a poor dependant: for I wiſh you to underſtand, that I ſhall not be anſwerable for his education."

"To the little I can teach him, he is welcome," replied Mr. Hanbury, "and I only lament that my powers are ſo limited."

"I hope you will inſtruct him in the art of pleaſing," ſaid Lady Aubrey, "for without much complaiſance, he is likely to make but a tardy progreſs in the faſhionable world."

"I do not comprehend your ladyſhip," replied Mr. Hanbury: "if you mean by the art of pleaſing, the fawning, ſycophantic, ſervile adulation, which only knaves beſtow, and none but fools delight in; I truſt, he will avoid that complaiſance which will debaſe his nature."

Lady Aubrey, piqued at the ſincerity of the retort, continued:—

"What maxims would you wiſh to inculcate, where want of fortune is want of every thing? where poverty ſhould place a curb on the imagination, leſt it ſhould run wild beyond the boundaries of prudence?"

"The unperiſhable maxims of truth," replied Mr. Hanbury.

"Ante-

"Antediluvian!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey. "Why, you ſhould have been preceptor to the Patriarchs. I am ſorry for your ſake that this converſation was ſtarted, for I had ſome idea of making you private tutor to Sir Sidney:—but I ſhould expire, to ſee a youth of his fortune and faſhion uſhered into the great world, like a black-letter edition of Chaucer, for few people to notice; and for nobody to underſtand."

"Surely, ſincerity cannot be incomprehenſible," ſaid Mr. Hanbury. "It is only deception that is myſterious."

"That may be true," replied Lady Aubrey; "but one likes ſometimes to be agreeably deceived. Sir Sidney was born to move in the higheſt ſphere, where he will have no occaſion for the unadorned qualification of ſincerity."

"True," anſwered my tutor, laconically.

"Beſides," continued Lady Aubrey, yawning with *ennui*, "I ſhould not permit him to deſtroy his health by poring over books, which ought long ago to have been buried with their authors. Sir Sidney is of a delicate conſtitution, and could not ſupport the fatigue of ſtudy. It is for this reaſon that I have choſen Mrs. Blagden for his governeſs, till he is capable of deciding for himſelf. There is nothing ſo dangerous as curbing the ſpirit of youth: and I am determined that no perſon ſhall ever contradict Sir Sidney. Nature ſhall take her courſe; ſhe ſhall unfold his mind progreſſively: wealth and power will attend his footſteps, and he will find the world ready enough to obey him."

I liſtened with earneſt attention; and longed to contradict my couſin by way of experiment.

"Will not a female preceptor be ſomewhat ſingular?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"Not

"Not at all," replied Lady Aubrey. "It is only by the ſociety of women that men become poliſhed and enlightened: I hate your dull ſcholaſtic pedant; your animal made up of muſty rules, and obſolete opinions;—the very gleaner of ſcattered maxims, either diſowned by their original authors, or condemned, for their inſignificance, to moulder in obſcurity."

"What do you call a pedant?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"Why, in the modern acceptation of the word," anſwered Lady Aubrey, "a being, who by his taciturnity conceals his ignorance; and by lining his library with black-letter editions, fancies himſelf a very Mæcenas."

"Is there no medium between the pedant and the blockhead?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury; "and is it not better to be moderately wiſe, than ſingularly dull?"

"Oh! I doat on ſingularity!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey. "I would not have my child reſemble any thing living for the whole univerſe!"

"Then let him reſemble ſome of the ancients," ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"No; by woman alone can man be rendered amiable," replied my aunt.

"Perhaps your ladyſhip approves the doctrines of Cheſterfield?" cried Mr. Hanbury.

"Not altogether," ſaid Lady Aubrey. "The precepts of Cheſterfield are generally either uſeleſs or criminal. With reſpect to the manners of a well-bred man, he inculcates nothing more than every well-bred man already practiſes. As to his ſyſtem of gallantry, I deem it the moſt profligate, unprincipled, and prejudicial that ever diſgraced the republic of letters. A man, completely faſhioned after the model of Cheſterfield, muſt be the bane of ſociety; a mere

mere fluttering painted fly, that buzzes in the atmoſphere of a court, to dazzle with its gaudy colours, and to ſting the unſuſpecting fool, who is faſcinated by its beauty. No; man only can be poliſhed by woman."

"But not by every woman," ſaid my tutor. "I confeſs there are ſome, whoſe judgment and accompliſhments qualify them for the important taſk of unfolding the young mind; but Mrs. Blagden does not exactly anſwer this deſcription."

"That may be true," replied Lady Aubrey; "but I am determined that Sir Sidney ſhall be an unſhackled being. Many a wiſe head has been ſpoiled by curbing the exuberance of fancy."

"But not by improving the heart."

"O! the heart is of little conſequence," ſaid my aunt; "nothing is ſo eaſily moulded."

"Then do you not dread the impreſſion of a coarſe and vulgar model? Do you not tremble," ſaid Mr. Hanbury, "while you commit the precious yielding compoſition to the hand that will diſtort its beauty?"

At this moment Mrs. Blagden entered the room; and, by her glances of indignation, it was eaſy to diſcover that ſhe had heard the converſation which had paſſed. The aſcendancy which ſhe had acquired over the mind and actions of Lady Aubrey, was menaced by Mr. Hanbury's rational opinions. She beheld in him a powerful rival; her envy was only to be equalled by her malice, and ſhe determined on revenge, whatever conſequences might attend it. A ſervant announced Lord Linbourne, when my tutor, taking my hand, excuſed himſelf and departed. Sir Sidney and Mrs. Blagden went airing in Lady Aubrey's carriage,

carriage, while Mr. Hanbury ſtrolled with me and my dog Chance, towards the environs of Nice.

CHAP. X.

We aſcended a beautiful eminence, at the ſummit of which we took our ſeat on the turf, to contemplate the ſurrounding ſcenery, and to converſe on what had paſſed ſince our arrival. "Walſingham," ſaid Mr. Hanbury, with a grave and penetrating tone, which vibrated on the heart, "I fear that our ſituation in Lady Aubrey's family will be wholly inſupportable. Diſtance is the ſtrongeſt bond of attachment, to minds tinctured with pride, and apt to ſicken under the fatigues of hoſpitality; removed from Lady Aubrey's preſence,

ſhe will, perhaps, remember you with compunction; and compunction may rekindle in her boſom the latent ſpark of affection, which now ſeems almoſt extinguiſhed. We will return to Glenowen;—we will not ſtoop to the caprice of Lady Aubrey. I will educate you with the zeal of a brother; and whereever my future deſtiny may lead me, you ſhall be the partner of my fortune."

Never did accents meet my ear ſo ſweetly harmonious! We roſe, and continued our walk: I had never, till I met Mr. Hanbury, converſed with any man, except Sir Edward and Mr. Martlet. The boiſterous manners of the former, and the terrifying auſterity of the latter, formed a ſtriking contraſt to the wiſdom and urbanity of my new aſſociate. "Remember, you are a man," was his conſtant leſſon. Every mean and diſhonourable propenſity was delineated in ſuch

ſuch hideous colours, that to know them was a ſufficient warning to avoid them; while truth! ſublime and immutable truth! was unfolded to my young imagination in all her beautiful attractions! I loved her; ſhe was my firſt love: Oh! how many pangs has my enthuſiaſm cauſed me! How often has my heart bled with anguiſh, when I have ſeen my idol inſulted by ſcorn, or wounded by duplicity.

Mr. Hanbury perceived that his voluntary kindneſs powerfully impreſſed my mind. I had ſcarcely language to thank him, and I was ſilent, leſt I ſhould ſhed tears, which I began to conſider as a proof of weakneſs, incompatible with the true dignity of fortitude. We continued our walk; after a ſhort pauſe, we converſed on various ſubjects: the beauties of nature; the wiſdom and benevolence of that Power, whoſe omnipotence filled my boſom with affections infinite!

The

The wonders of the creation, as they grew familiar to my eyes, produced leſs vivid emotions, while, by degrees, they formed a ſource of ſettled calm delight, which is the baſis of knowledge and the triumph of philoſophy.

"With you I ſhall be happy!" ſaid I cheerfully.

"Your happineſs will depend upon yourſelf," anſwered my tutor. "There is nothing perfect, nothing permanent in the lot of humanity. That which we denominate the pain or pleaſure of exiſtence, originates in the tenor of the mind, which calculates the inſtability of either. Wiſdom cannot eſcape the caprices of fortune; beauty is not ſecure againſt the poiſon of adulation; nor can proſperity defend its poſſeſſor from the attacks of corporeal ſuffering. The ſhafts of viciſſitude are perpetually flying round us; virtue and truth may form a ſhield, but it will not prove invulnerable,

unleſs

unleſs they are unmixed with the ſofter affections; for life is an ever-varying ſcene, where the actor alternately demands our ſmiles and tears. But pity, that is awakened indiſcriminately, degrades the human mind below itſelf, and becomes, at laſt, a plea for puſillanimity and folly."

"How am I to know when I ought to pity?" ſaid I. "Muſt I not pity the unhappy?"

"Explore the cauſe, before you ſuffer the effect to influence your judgment or penetrate your heart," replied Mr. Hanbury. "There are events which, being inherent in our natures, mock the powers of reſiſtance, and convince the wiſeſt of their own fallibility. An enlightened author ſays, "Let us impoſe an equal temper on our minds, and pay, without murmuring, the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we muſt freeze. The ſummer returns

turns with heat, and we muſt melt. The inclemency of the air diſorders our health, and we muſt be ſick. Here we are expoſed to wild beaſts, and there to men more ſavage than the beaſts: and if we eſcape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water, and perils by fire. This eſtabliſhed courſe of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to aſſume ſuch greatneſs of mind as becomes wiſe and virtuous men; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourſelves to the order of Nature, who governs the great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations *."

"Is it the order of Nature that Sir Sidney ſhould be happier than I?"

"Time only can elucidate that myſtery," anſwered my tutor. "High fortune is as often productive of miſery as

* Bolingbroke.

happi-

happineſs. The conſolations of life wholly reſt on the powers of appreciating events, and of diſcriminating between real and imaginary bliſs. It is therefore a matter of doubt with me, whether you will not feel more pure and gratifying delight amidſt the ſolitudes of Glenowen, than Sir Sidney will experience in the higheſt circles of falſe refinement."

This ſuggeſtion aſtoniſhed me. I found a glow of ſatisfaction mantling through my heart, which almoſt inſtantaneouſly reconciled me to my fortune. Mr. Hanbury had inſpired me with that confidence in his underſtanding, which brought with it an implicit reliance on whatever he aſſerted. He aſſured me that I ſhould be more happy in retirement, than in the din and turmoil of life; and he was not capable of miſleading my hopes, or bewildering my fancy. He had inculcated truth with the gentleneſs

of

of a friend; it ſtole into my heart like a kind and welcome gueſt; it was not forced upon my mind, with an auſterity which would have diſtorted its beauty, and rendered it rather a tyrant than an aſſociate.

From the period of this converſation I began to anticipate the calm and unconſtrained delights which I ſhould enjoy among my native mountains. There, thought I, ſhall I inhale the healthful breezes of morning; wander, uncontrolled, over meadows painted by ſpring, and perfumed by her own ſweet breath: loiter beneath umbrageous woods, and muſe on the margin of the brook, as it courſes ſwiftly down the rude and craggy ſlope; there did I hope, in ſoothing dreams, to behold an opening proſpect where all ſhould be richly coloured by the hand of Nature! "When, when ſhall we return?" interrupted the delicious reverie.

"As

"As ſoon as we can form a deciſive opinion reſpecting Lady Aubrey's intentions," replied my tutor. "Nothing that is done raſhly can be done well: we muſt examine her mind, and draw our inferences from its prominent features. In the mean time let it be your taſk to treat her with reſpect, becauſe ſhe was your mother's ſiſter, and your earlieſt friend." I promiſed to obey.

On our return to the hotel, we found a tailor waiting to provide me ſuch clothes as would be proper for the *protegée* of Lady Aubrey; though I obſerved that the patterns were of an inferior quality to thoſe worn by Sir Sidney. As Mrs. Blagden was giving orders, my aunt entered the apartment. "Why, Walſingham! you will not know yourſelf!" exclaimed ſhe, as the tailor preſented the pattern-card: "What will you do to repay me for all this kindneſs?" continued my aunt, in a tone of

of protection that made me bluſh, though her cheek diſplayed no conſcious ſuffuſion. I could have burnt the patterns, and annihilated the tailor, when with a ſignificant ſhrug he ſighed, "*Pauvre petit! eſt il malheureux?*" Lady Aubrey, by a glance of contempt, acknowledged his ſuggeſtion, which did not offend her pride, becauſe it was proof againſt pity. After a ſhort pauſe ſhe continued: "Mind, Walſingham, that you take care of your clothes; and recollect that you cannot have a wardrobe like Sir Sidney: you are not among the mountains now, child."

"I wiſh I were!" ſaid I, interrupting her and ſighing, "I ſhould then be happy!"

"You ſee, my Lady," cried Mrs. Blagden, "what ſort of return you are to expect from ignorant and ſelfiſh minds. Theſe are leſſons of Mr. Hanbury's preaching; he has taught the boy,

boy, already, to rebel againſt your counſel."

"I hope not," ſaid Lady Aubrey, looking earneſtly at my tutor, who only anſwered with a ſmile of diſdain, which was clearly underſtood by Mrs. Blagden.

"I am ſure," cried the duenna, "that my Lady is impoſed on, for I do not think that this boy at all reſembles the child whom we left at Glenowen." Lady Aubrey ſtarted.

"Don't you remember, my Lady, how pretty and lively and entertaining little Walſingham was? Why he was no more like this vulgar brat, than I am like your ladyſhip," ſaid Mrs. Blagden. "You are impoſed upon, cheated, and cajoled by ſome artful deſigning perſon, who, having heard of your ladyſhip's generoſity, wiſhes to make a fool of you. Look at the boy," continued ſhe, turning me round contemptuouſly, "has he an air of gentility? does he look like your

your nephew? Can any thing be more clumsy or more common than this face and figure? You are deceived, entrapped by artifice; and if you don't take care, will be the laughing-stock of the whole world."

"It must be so!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey, "and I am the dupe of my own benevolent heart. The child I loved so fondly, and nursed with such attention, was beautiful and animated. I *am* deceived—this is *not* Walsingham."

"Indeed I am Walsingham," said I, taking her hand and pressing it to my lips. "Look at me; you will, you must remember me. You said but yesterday, that I was like my mother;—have you forgot her too?"

Lady Aubrey's heart seemed to shiver at the question, while tears gushed from my eyes involuntarily.

"A canting story, learnt by rote," exclaimed Mrs. Blagden; "and I am

now

now more fully convinced of the impoſture than ever." She endeavoured to ſeparate me from Lady Aubrey, whoſe hand I graſped with convulſive agitation.

"Do not ſend me from you," ſaid I, "at leaſt till you believe that I am Walſingham." I fell upon my knees, and held her by the gown; ſhe endeavoured to go; I ſtill hung about her.

"Grieve not, my dear boy," cried Mr. Hanbury; "tears cannot penetrate through hearts of adamant, and innocence contaminates itſelf, by ſoliciting favours from the unworthy. Leave your proud aunt to her mean inſidious counſellor, and know how to eſtimate your own worth, by deſpiſing the baſeneſs of your enemy."

Lady Aubrey quitted the room, followed by Mrs. Blagden and Sir Sidney, who, as he paſſed me, took my hand, and ſhook it. I revived, as ſuddenly as I had become ſorrowful. Oh! how vivifying! how grateful to the heart are the

ſympathies of benevolent minds! Roſanna, to you I need not make the comment.

"Am I not Walſingham?" ſaid I, turning towards Mr. Hanbury as they quitted the apartment. "Am I not Lady Aubrey's nephew? the couſin of Sir Sidney? Why am I diſowned? what have I done, that they acknowledge me no longer? is it becauſe I am not ſo handſome as Sir Sidney?"

My tutor could not anſwer me: his heart was burſting with rage, and throbbing with ſenſibility, when Lord Linbourne abruptly entered the room.

"Where is Lady Aubrey?" inquired his lordſhip, with an air of ſuperiority, which Mr. Hanbury's feelings at that moment could not endure.

"Do you hear me?" repeated Lord Linbourne; "where is your Lady?"

"*My* Lady," cried Mr. Hanbury; "thank Heaven! ſhe is no Lady of *mine*!"

"The chance is an hundred to ten, that you never ſerve her equal," ſaid Lord Linbourne ſneeringly.

"Granted; becauſe it is a million to one," replied Mr. Hanbury, "that ſhe is *unequalled*; for, if the human heart was ever impregnated with the malice of a fiend, it is the heart of Lady Aubrey."

"Sir! I do not comprehend you," ſaid Lord Linbourne, reddening with the ſpirit of knight-errantry.

"Shall I repeat my words?" cried Mr. Hanbury calmly; "ſhall I add my reaſons for entertaining ſuch an opinion?"

"I cannot hear Lady Aubrey ſlandered," replied Lord Linbourne, "and ſhall uphold her conduct at all hazards."

"Whether ſhe be right or wrong?" interrupted my tutor, with contempt; which mortified the young champion of folly.

"Unqueſtionably," ſaid he, reddening.

"On what plea, my Lord?"

"By the laws of good breeding," anſwered the angry boy; "a woman of Lady Aubrey's rank in ſociety, has a right to do whatever ſhe thinks proper: ſhe is not amenable to the vulgar, and I will defend her at the peril of my life."

"In violation of juſtice and humanity?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury, ſmiling.

"Thoſe are matters of future conſideration," replied Lord Linbourne. "Any man that preſumes to calumniate Lady Aubrey, muſt draw up his charges with the point of his ſword; and, as for juſtice and humanity, we will leave them to the laws and the ſurgeon, for the benefit of the ſurvivor."

"Do you addreſs this jargon to me, my Lord?" cried Mr. Hanbury gravely.

"To

"To every man breathing," replied Lord Linbourne, "who attaches diſgrace to the name of Lady Aubrey."

"Then I pronounce her, infamous!" exclaimed my tutor; "the moſt unfeeling, the moſt tyrannical, the moſt unnatural of women! One, who diſclaims the innocence that would honour her name, at the ſame time that ſhe upholds the wretch who will damn it to poſterity."

"Give me ſome proof," cried Lord Linbourne; "I ſhall not credit mere aſſertion."

"Here is a living proof, my Lord," anſwered Mr. Hanbury, taking my arm. "This boy, the only child of a dear dead ſiſter; thrown on the world, without fortune, and deſtitute of friends; bred in ſolitude; wild, innocent, and gentle, as you ſee him, came hither to receive her friendſhip; to deſerve it; and—"

"What, ſir?"

"She diſowns him," replied my tutor, endeavouring in vain to ſmother his emotion. "She ſpurns the little fugitive, and mocks his innocent appeal to her humanity with the moſt remorſeleſs cruelty. Am I the calumniator of Lady Aubrey? My lord, can you defend her conduct?"

Lafond at this inſtant ſummoned Lord Linbourne to Lady Aubrey's dreſſing-room: as ſoon as he was gone, the inquiſitive valet again entered into converſation with Mr. Hanbury, not without laughing heartily at the chagrin he obſerved in his countenance. "You are, I ſee, on the black liſt already—one of the proſcribed," ſaid Lafond; "my lady's favourite is offended, and a thouſand prieſts will not be able to pray you out of purgatory." Mr. Hanbury, equally amazed at the effrontery, and bewildered by the incomprehenſible language

of

of Monſieur Lafond, made no reply; encouraged by his ſilence the valet proceeded—" You are incredulous as to the conduct of Lady Aubrey; now, if you have a mind to be convinced, I will bring you to the proof of her folly, and you ſhall hear her full conviction from her own lips. In a ſmall *boudoir*, adjoining her bed-chamber, you may conceal yourſelf when ſhe retires to reſt. Her favourite is her conſtant companion, and ſhe never fails to unboſom all the ſecrets of her heart before ſhe lays her head upon her pillow."

" What! become a liſtener! a mean and cowardly ſpy upon the actions of an abandoned woman!" exclaimed Mr. Hanbury; " and for what purpoſe?"

" To detect her infamy; to ſhame her into juſtice; and to relieve the little Walſingham from her perſecutions," replied Lafond. " Laſt night by accident I overheard a ſecret of the moſt important na-

ture—Sir Sidney is not——." As Lafond uttered theſe words, Lady Aubrey entered the room; we ſeparated, and the converſation ended.

CHAP. XI.

DURING the remainder of the day my tutor's mind was agitated in the extreme; a variety of painful ſenſations, all of which were tinctured with reſentment and augmented by curioſity, told him, that there was ſomething ſtrangely myſterious in the conduct of Lady Aubrey, and the language of Lafond. At one moment he reſolved to avail himſelf of the ſituation in which he might convict my aunt from her own mouth; but honour and the laws of propriety condemned the ſuggeſtion; and he had not reſolu-

tion

tion to act baſely, even in the cauſe of virtue and humanity.

I was ordered to bed at an earlier hour than uſual, and Mr. Hanbury took his leave of Lady Aubrey. The words which Lafond had uttered ſtrongly impreſſed my imagination; and I reſolved, if poſſible, to diſcover their tendency. For this purpoſe I ſtole from my cloſet, paſſed Sir Sidney's apartment, and, unſeen, arrived at the *boudoir* which led to Lady Aubrey's chamber. I now began to reproach myſelf for the mean and degrading curioſity which brought me thither; but it was too late to retreat, and the idea that I ſhould diſcover that which would "reſcue the little Walſingham from perſecution," reconciled me to my ſituation, and augmented my impatience.

Shortly after I had taken my ſtand near the door of Lady Aubrey's apartment, I heard her enter with Mrs. Blagden. My heart palpitated with fear and

expectation, when they began to converſe on the various occurrences of the day. "Why did your ladyſhip ſend for the child at all," cried Mrs. Blagden; "even ſuppoſing that he is your nephew?"

"To place him in ſome obſcure part of France," replied my aunt: "it was dangerous to leave him at Glenowen; his mother's virtues are ſtill freſh in memory, and the world will at leaſt expect ſome degree of attention on my part to the only child of ſuch a ſiſter. Here he will be unknown; and as he does not bear the name of the family, he can never diſgrace it."

"But the paper which is of ſo much importance—" cried Mrs. Blagden.

"Is ſafe in my ivory cabinet at Glenowen," anſwered Lady Aubrey. "The haſte and perturbation with which we departed would not admit of my depoſiting it in a more ſecure ſituation; and

I have

I have never dared to entruſt my keys with any perſon who might convey it to me."

"It ſhould have been deſtroyed," ſaid Mrs. Blagden. "There is no hope of ſucceſs in half meaſures, where the origin of them is of a deſperate nature."

"Such was my meaning," replied Lady Aubrey; "but the villany of the deed arreſted my hand, and I was at leaſt deterred from that enormity."—Her voice was tremulous, as though ſhe ſhuddered.

"Well, it is too late to think of it now!" ſaid Mrs. Blagden, ſighing—"The boy is in your power, and you muſt not part with him. But we ſhould ſpeedily contrive means to diſmiſs his inſolent companion: Mr. Martlet muſt have been either a fool or a knave to ſelect ſuch a perſon for ſuch an occaſion. He is too prying an obſerver for

our purpoſe—he has an intereſt in this boy's welfare which we are not aware of."

"I think as you do, Blagden," anſwered Lady Aubrey; "but we muſt proceed with infinite caution; any violent or precipitate conduct on my part would awaken his ſuſpicion, and intereſt him more than ever in Walſingham's favour. Mr. Hanbury is a ſhrewd pedant; we are but women."

Fiends! Devils! thought I, trembling with agitation.

"I wiſh the boy were in heaven with his mother," ſaid Mrs. Blagden; "for he will only live to plague you, and to diſgrace her memory."

"Oh! do not name his mother," exclaimed Lady Aubrey, "leſt I ſhould forget my obligations to you, and relent in favour of her ill-fated offspring. We will talk further on the ſubject to-morrow—I am not in a humour to decide on

on any thing at preſent; therefore, leave me."

Mrs. Blagden muttered a reply which betrayed her diſcontent and ſilenced Lady Aubrey: they parted, and I heard the duenna aſcend the ſtairs to Sir Sidney's chamber. It was impoſſible for me to return to my cloſet without her ſeeing me; therefore I threw myſelf gently on the carpet, and reſolved to paſs the night in my place of concealment. A thouſand conſcious reproaches ſmote my heart when I recollected my ſituation; lurking like a mean and deſpicable ſpy under the very roof that afforded me a ſhelter. It was the firſt action of my life that degraded my mind, and I deteſted my own conduct, even more than I deſpiſed Mrs. Blagden's. Determining to throw myſelf on the mercy of Lady Aubrey, I roſe haſtily, and was endeavouring to find the door of her appartment, when my

feet were ſuddenly arreſted by the ſound of footſteps in her chamber.

I concluded that Lady Aubrey was ſtill awake, and, led on by compunction which was poignant and irreſiſtible, I ruſhed into her apartment: but how ſhall I deſcribe my conſternation when I heard Lady Aubrey ſhriek, and beheld her ſinking, overwhelmed with confuſion, into the arms of Lord Linbourne? My ſituation was undeſcribable.

I fell upon my knees, and conjured her to forgive me; I wept aloud, and every moment expected to receive my death from the Viſcount's ſword, which lay on Lady Aubrey's toilette. My ſurpriſe was augmented by the conduct of thoſe from whom I expected nothing leſs than annihilation: they ſoothed and embraced me; offered to bribe my ſecreſy; and promiſed to reward me with every kindneſs if I would not reveal what I then ſaw. "If you tell that

you

you found Lord Linbourne in my chamber," ſaid Lady Aubrey with a faultering voice, and a countenance pale as a ſpectre; "if you reveal it, even to your tutor Mr. Hanbury, I will diſcard you for ever; you ſhall be baniſhed from my affections while living, and die at laſt a miſerable beggar." I ſhuddered, and wept more violently than before. "But," continued my aunt, "if you never diſcloſe this affair to any perſon whatever, you ſhall find me your friend, your affectionate protectreſs, till the laſt hour of your exiſtence." At this moment I heard Mrs. Blagden deſcending from her apartment, and preſently followed a gentle tap at Lady Aubrey's chamber door; Lord Linbourne concealed himſelf beneath the toilette, and my virtuous aunt, with an unruffled tone and a countenance of aſſumed ſurpriſe, demanded her reaſon for returning.

Lady

Lady Aubrey was an expert deceiver; her *fineſſe* was more than equal to the low ſubtlety of her tyrannical counſellor: an excuſe was framed, and alleged, with the promptitude of a practiſed imagination; ſhe informed Mrs. Blagden, that I had fallen aſleep in her *boudoir*; and, that, on waking, my ſurprize and fear of offending excited that diſtreſs which had probably drawn her from her chamber. "Here," ſaid Lady Aubrey, "take the poor fellow to his bed; for, Heaven knows, I ſincerely forgive him." I reluctantly gave my hand, and ſuffered her to lead me.

As Mrs. Blagden led me out of the apartment, I looked earneſtly towards the *toilette* which concealed Lady Aubrey's lover. She obſerved my thoughts, as my eyes revealed them, and loaded me with careſſes till I reached the door. I had made no promiſe to keep the ſecret; but I did not love Mrs. Blagden well

well enough to honour her with my confidence, and we aſcended the ſtairs together in ſullen ſilence, till we entered Sir Sidney's chamber; when her patience could no longer reſtrain her indignation, and all the malice of her heart burſt forth againſt me.

"My Lady is mighty fond all of a ſudden," cried ſhe: "What artful tricks have you been playing, to win her affections ſo rapidly? Tell me the cauſe of this change in her behaviour," continued Mrs. Blagden, growing ſcarlet with anger, clenching her hands, and ſtamping vehemently.

"I will not tell you," anſwered I ſternly; "ſhe charged me to keep it a ſecret."

"What then there is a ſecret?" cried the inquiſitor with augmented rage. "Thoſe who keep ſome, ſhall in future keep all; for I will be her dupe no longer." So ſaying, ſhe whirled me

into my cloſet, and left me to ruminate on the adventures of the night.

From this hour I knew that I had little kindneſs to expect from the enraged duenna; for Mrs. Blagden was one of thoſe mortals, who, living under the command of a tyrant, exerciſed a petty ſyſtem of oppreſſion on all whom chance had placed within the pale of her juriſdiction. Thus, deſpotiſm is the parent of deſpotiſm; and, from an inſtinctive love of ſway, every human being is, more or leſs, the tyrant of his fellow. Though inclination to rule is unqueſtionably a vice, when inordinately exemplified, it is certainly a vice inherent to every boſom that breathes. The beaſts, the fowl, the ſcaly inhabitants of the waters, prey upon each other; and the firſt propenſity of infancy proves, by the little rage which burſts forth on the ſlighteſt contradiction, the longing to reſiſt, and the inclination to vanquiſh.

CHAP. XII.

My gay apparel was brought home, and I was, to uſe Lady Aubrey's expreſſion, at laſt, "fit to be ſeen." A morning concert was the theatre of my *debut*; where, as ſoon as I made my appearance, an univerſal murmur overwhelmed me with confuſion: every eye was turned upon me, and every tongue uttered an ejaculation of pity. "Poor little fellow! How kind Lady Aubrey is!" echoed on every ſide. I often directed my inquiring glances towards Mr. Hanbury, who never failed to meet them with a ſmile of encouragement. How amiable, how exalted did this unſophiſticated being appear, when placed in compariſon with the nothings that ſurrounded him! By degrees I drew nearer and nearer, till I ſeated myſelf beſide

beſide him; and while the fluttering tribes of folly buzzed their ſenſeleſs jargon, I ſtole a buſy moment, and inquired, "When ſhall we return to Glenowen?"

Lady Aubrey kept her eyes conſtantly upon me, and every word that I whiſpered, during the morning, called a bluſh upon her cheek which ſhame, more than modeſty, excited. She appeared to be the moſt miſerable of the human race; in the midſt of ſplendour, conſcious of guilt, and fearful of detection. Her countenance was agitated, her hand trembled, her lip quivered, whenever ſhe attempted to ſpeak: ſtill watching me with a mixture of apprehenſion and pride, which combined to torture her boſom inceſſantly. I could not help commiſerating her feelings; ſhe is guilty, thought I, and ſhe is ſufficiently puniſhed.

The

The muſic had long been interrupted by the trifling gabble of the company, when a new object of attraction entered the room: it was a faſhionable female, dreſſed like the high-prieſteſs of a Turkiſh haram. The perfumes of Arabia ſcented the air as ſhe fluttered through the room; and the general diſplay of complaiſance which ſhe manifeſted to all, excluded every one preſent from the vanity of individual attention. She walked in a mincing ſtep; prattled in a ſmall and affected tone; ſmiled without meaning; and was grave, without being thoughtful. I had never ſeen any thing at all like her: her mien, her dreſs, and her language, were new to me. She was attended by a French girl about twelve years of age, whom ſhe had taken under her protection, to wait on her lap-dog. Mademoiſelle Julie de Beaumont was the daughter of an eminent literary character; but being left

at

at an early age wholly under the care of a mercenary and diſtant relation, chance threw her in the way of ſeeing the world, and ſhe became the humble dependant of Lady Emily Delvin.

The young and innocent Julie attracted univerſal attention. She was gay, ſenſible, well-bred, and beautiful. Her exalted patroneſs ſeemed to envy the juvenile graces of her timid *èleve*; and, by repeated looks of coldneſs and reproof, never failed to check the imagination and awe the boſom, which depended wholly on her ſmiles for protection and repoſe.

The little favourite, which Mademoiſelle de Beaumont carried in her arms, I inſtantly concluded to be the rival of my faithful Chance. My boſom panted with indignation; I could ſcarcely reſtrain my tongue; every nerve in my diminutive frame quivered with reſentment. Sir Sidney was ſeated on a ſofa near

near me, attended by Mrs. Blagden; Lady Emily was advancing towards them, when, ſeeing me, ſhe ſtarted back and exclaimed, "Heavens! Lady Aubrey, where did you find this little negro?" My wrath began to maſter my diſcretion, when Mrs. Blagden replied, courteſying and ſmiling, "He is a poor little Welch mountaineer, my Lady; born on the manor of Glenowen, and dependent on the bounty of Lady Aubrey."

"Has the queer little wretch no relations?" cried Lady Emily.

"Yes," ſaid I, firmly. "Lady Aubrey is my aunt, and Sir Sidney is my couſin." A blow from the clenched hand of the ſtern duenna nearly levelled me with the ground, when Mr. Hanbury darted forward, and reſcued me from her violence.

"Really, madam," ſaid my tutor, "this ſeverity is ill-timed. The boy only

only uttered truth, and had he done otherwiſe I ſhould have deſpiſed him."

"You have made him inſolent," cried Mrs. Blagden; "and now you think it neceſſary to defend the ingratitude you taught him."

"Nothing can be more natural," cried Lady Emily, "than ſelf-love. If this be the boy's tutor, he is, in fact, the aggreſſor;—the parent of thoſe errors which his judgment is not yet capable of correcting.

"If ſincerity can be called error," replied Mr. Hanbury, "I ſhall be proud indeed, when my precepts are ſo termed. Mr. Ainsforth is a pupil that will never diſgrace his preceptor, however his poverty may mortify the pride of his family."

"Tolerably ſarcaſtic for a Welch ſtudent!" cried Lady Emily.

"Wonderfully impertinent for a dependent!" exclaimed Lord Linbourne.

"*Mais*,

"*Mais, monſieur!*" whiſpered a French *petit maitre*, "*vous avez tort!*"

"Sir," replied my tutor, while provocation almoſt defeated philoſophy, "if I were wrong, I am not diſpoſed to tolerate reprehenſion from thoſe whom I deſpiſe." A loud laugh followed, and Lady Aubrey, whoſe rage had been with difficulty kept ſilent, requeſted Mr. Hanbury not to trouble her friends, or interrupt the muſic with his ill-judged obſervations.

"'Tis time, indeed," added Lord Linbourne, "that we ſhould have ſomething like harmony. The muſic may begin: *I* will take care to keep the preceptor quiet."

"Place a guard upon your own tongue, my Lord," ſaid Mr. Hanbury, "if you mean to prevent diſcord." Lord Linbourne hummed the firſt movement of a concerto, but made no reply. During the muſic, Lady Emily and the Viſcount

Viſcount amuſed themſelves by affecting a primneſs of manner, joined to a look of demure ridicule, evidently aſſumed to mortify my tutor.

The concert being ended, Lord Linbourne approached Mr. Hanbury, and with a ſupercilious ſneer begged leave to congratulate him on his good behaviour. "Upon my ſoul, Sir, you were moſt unharmoniouſly inclined," cried his lordſhip; "but they ſay that muſic has been known to quiet even the ferocity of brutes."

"Had Orpheus played no better than you talk, my Lord, the brutes had never liſtened," replied Mr. Hanbury.

"Muſic has charms to ſoothe the ſavage breaſt!" repeated Lady Emily.

Again a titter went round the room; my tutor grew pale with reſentment, and, with a look of marked contempt, pronounced, "*Ephemera!*"

"Ha!

"Ha! comical enough!" ſaid Lord Linbourne.

"Extremely conceited!" added Lady Emily Delvin.

I now heard Lord Linbourne whiſper to a ſenſible-looking man, who had juſt entered the room, and who knew nothing of the original cauſe for diſcontent, "Let us badger him."

"Badger whom?" cried the ſtranger.

"This young prig of a tutor," replied the Viſcount. "He has been confoundedly inſolent, and deſerves chaſtiſement."

Mr. Hanbury roſe abruptly to quit the room; as he paſſed Lord Linbourne he ſaid in a low voice, "I ſhall call on you in half an hour, to receive what I deſerve; and I requeſt you to remember, my Lord, that I ſhall not let you off quietly."

I accompanied my tutor to his hotel, where he wrote ſeveral letters haſtily; but before they were ſealed, a ſervant announced Mr. M'Arthur, whom Mr.

Hanbury inſtantly recognized as the laſt perſon he had ſeen enter the room at Lady Aubrey's.

"Pardon me, Mr. Hanbury," ſaid the ſtranger, "if I wiſh to hear an explanation of this unfortunate miſunderſtanding. Lord Linbourne is young and volatile; Lady Aubrey vain and miſchievous; you muſt not endanger your own life, or ſtigmatize his lordſhip's reputation, for a little boyiſh raillery."

"Sir, I am very awkwardly ſituated," replied my tutor calmly; "Lady Aubrey's conduct is peculiarly indelicate."

"I comprehend you," ſaid Mr. M'Arthur. "You mean to ſay that ſhe is your patroneſs. Do you owe any ſerious obligations to her ladyſhip?"

"Why do you aſk the queſtion?" cried Mr. Hanbury.

"Becauſe I wiſh them to be cancelled, before I preſume to give you counſel."

"Sup-

" Suppoſing I have not the means," ſaid my tutor, " am I to bear the inſolence of pride, becauſe my ſenſe of injury is ſuperior to my fortune? Or, is the memory of benefits received to deaden the heart againſt the ſtings of perſecution, till that which originates in gratitude degenerates into cowardice."

" Certainly not," replied Mr. M'Arthur; " my credit is at your diſpoſal; for, as in every other reſpect you ſeem to be Lord Linbourne's ſuperior, I ſhould bluſh to behold you dependent on an enemy, who is only inveſted with power by the caprices of fortune. To be explicit, Mr. Hanbury, I came hither to ſerve you; it has been an invariable rule with me, to take up arms againſt oppreſſion; to reſiſt the arrogance of pride; and to contemn the impertinence of folly."

" Know then," anſwered Mr. Hanbury, " that my father is under obliga-

tions to Lady Aubrey, though I am not: this youth is her nephew; I am his protector." He then related all that had paſſed previous to, and at the concert.

"You muſt not fight Lord Linbourne," ſaid Mr. M'Arthur, whom I now diſcovered to be the Viſcount's preceptor.

"No," repeated I, "he ſhall not fight him, but *I* will; and Lady Dickens's lap-dog into the bargain."

My tutor ſmiled, and bade me be ſilent. Mr. M'Arthur continued: "The Viſcount is in ſome meaſure under my guardianſhip during his travels. *I* am anſwerable for his indiſcretions: will you accept *my* excuſes?"

"On no account whatever," replied Mr. Hanbury.

"What will ſatisfy you?"

"An apology from Lord Linbourne."

"Nothing leſs?"

"Nothing,

"Nothing, Sir," replied my tutor. "If your young friend has to boaſt ſome adventitious claims, I too profeſs a nice diſcrimination betwixt the gifts of chance and the advantages of nature. The ſenſe of honour, the proud ſuperiority of rectitude, is not to be ſubdued by the glare of falſe magnificence. Let Lord Linbourne diveſt himſelf of that haughty demeanour which tarniſhes his anceſtry, and meet me on the open ground of equality. You ſhall then judge our cauſe; and I pledge my honour, againſt the Viſcount's nobility, to abide by your deciſion."

"Lord Linbourne will not apologize," replied Mr. M'Arthur. "I am certain he will not."

"Then he ſhall repair the injury he has offered to my honour, or I will periſh," cried my tutor.

"And I will be your ſecond," ſaid the liberal preceptor. "Name your

hour and weapons, and ſuffer me to be the bearer of your challenge."

"You! are you not his preceptor?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"And therefore bound to reprobate his conduct," replied Mr. M'Arthur. "I travel with Lord Linbourne to cultivate his mind, and not to countenance his vices. I am his friend, and not his vaſſal; his counſellor, but not his ſycophant. I feed no deſtructive paſſions, by adminiſtering to his follies; I ſanction no crimes, by winking at their progreſs. Lord Linbourne, if he wanted a pander under the plauſible title of a tutor, ſhould have choſen one of thoſe pliant vicious reptiles who would enervate his mind by catering like a voluptuary. I cannot ſtoop to court the ſmiles of infamy; or ſtand like a coward, a tame looker on, while a fellow-creature ſinks in the vortex of diſſipation, a victim

tim for knaves to mock, and fools to pity."

Mr. M'Arthur left the room, and Mr. Hanbury finiſhed a letter which he had begun to Lady Aubrey, recommending me to her protection. He then ſealed thoſe which he had before written, and embracing me, with tears in his eyes, deſired a ſervant to conduct me to my aunt's hotel. My fears ſuggeſted all that was terrible. I conjured him to follow ſoon; he promiſed to do what was right; and, with a burſting heart, I quitted the apartment.

Lady Aubrey dined with Lady Emily Delvin. Mrs. Blagden was gone to take the air with Sir Sidney; I ſtole with my faithful Chance to my dark cloſet, and throwing myſelf on the bed, with my harmleſs aſſociate, relieved my afflicted boſom by a torrent of tears.

My ſituation had frequently been inſupportable under Lady Aubrey's roof,

had I not found a companion in my dog Chance, whoſe inſtinct evinced a degree of attachment, doubly gratifying, amidſt the perſecutions of pride. With him I had often ſtole from the buz of unintereſting converſation, and ſported away the melancholy hours; while he played a thouſand tricks to entertain and cheer me. Next to my tutor, Chance put forward his claim to my affections, for it is not the conſequence or the ſpecies of attachment that winds about the heart; it is the proportion in which the mind is ſolaced, that endears the comforter; and I could love that tree which ſheltered me from the tempeſt, that wave which would caſt me ſafe upon the ſandy beach, or that bank where I had repoſed and dreamed of happineſs, as though they were objects warmed by vitality, or animated by reaſon. Aſk not the ſenſual boſom, Roſanna, whether I am right: aſk not the pedant, the ſophiſt, or the philo-

philoſopher: but if you wiſh to aſcertain the truth of my aſſertion, turn from the artificial ſcenes of life,—and aſk the child of nature!

CHAP. XIII.

As evening advanced, I ſtole down ſtairs, to the drawing-room, where I found Lady Aubrey in the moſt violent perturbation. A note from Mr. M'Arthur was ſhortly after delivered to her, informing her that the rencontre had taken place, and that Mr. Hanbury was dangerouſly wounded. The intelligence almoſt annihilated me: I intreated that ſome one might conduct me to him. "He requeſts to ſee Mr. Ainſworth," ſaid the meſſenger. Lady Aubrey conſented to my departure, and I haſtened to my tutor with all poſſible expedition.

I found him ſhot in the arm; but, as the ball had been extracted on the field, there was every reaſon to hope that the wound would not prove fatal. In the courſe of a fortnight, he was ſufficiently recovered to make Lady Aubrey's hotel his habitation; for, during his confinement, ſhe had not failed to viſit him daily, and to ſit by his bed-ſide whole hours together. Mr. M'Arthur was alſo a conſtant inquirer, from whom we learnt, that Lord Linbourne had transferred his aſſiduities to Lady Emily Delvin, and, ſince the rencontre with Mr. Hanbury, had wholly withdrawn himſelf from the ſociety of Lady Aubrey. From this circumſtance it was evident that her attentions to Mr. Hanbury were meant only to excite the jealouſy of his antagoniſt: but the gentle offices of even a feigned attachment, ſometimes prove dangerous experiments; and thoſe who have encouraged the ſentiment of compaſſion,

paſſion, frequently find it a term ſynonymous with love.

One day, during Mr. Hanbury's confinement, I entered his chamber abruptly, and found Lady Aubrey ſitting near his pillow. My tutor had paſſed a reſtleſs night, with ſymptoms of delirium; and his fever had increaſed to a degree that was alarming. Lady Aubrey ſeemed wholly inſenſible of my approach, and frequently addreſſed Mr. Hanbury in terms of the moſt ardent affection. She reproached herſelf for having been the origin of his danger, and aſſured him that in caſe he ſhould recover, her conduct ſhould convince him of her ſincere contrition. Her warm and unbounded profeſſions of regard were ſealed by an unequivocal bond: ſhe kiſſed his hand, and ſighed with more than common tenderneſs. I was delighted by her kindneſs, and availed myſelf of her good humour, to demand a ſimilar proof of

affection; ſhe ſtarted, and with evident confuſion complied with my requeſt.

In proportion as Mr. Hanbury grew into favour, Mrs. Blagden became peeviſh and diſcontented. During the periods that the invalid was deſired to ſleep, it was my cuſtom to throw myſelf on my bed, and to wait, with ſilent ſolicitude, for his hour of waking. Mr. Hanbury had been the inmate of Lady Aubrey's manſion only a few days, when, as I lay in my cloſet adjoining Sir Sidney's nurſery, I heard my aunt and Mrs. Blagden in earneſt converſation.

"Your motives, my Lady, reſpecting Mr. Hanbury, are evident," ſaid the vindictive *gouvernante*; "and I am determined not to hold a ſecond ſituation in your family. My conſcience has long reproached me, and it is time that its burden ſhould be removed."

"You are not, you cannot be capable of ſuch a deed!" replied Lady Aubrey.

"You know that I have already engaged to give you five thouſand pounds, as ſoon as the child ſhall be of age; I have ſecured it to your heirs; what more can you wiſh?"

"To quit your ladyſhip's ſervice," anſwered Mrs. Blagden, "unleſs your new favourite is ſent to England: I have no idea of being governed by any one, when I conſider the right I have to be the firſt in this family."

"You ſhall be the firſt, my dear Blagden," ſaid Lady Aubrey, endeavouring to ſooth her: "Heaven knows how much I eſteem you; and how happy I ſhall be to render you every benefit in my power. But you muſt not leave me; indeed you muſt not."

"Then diſcard your new counſellor," replied the duenna; "I have a young nephew too, and your ladyſhip knows it; he wants that which you throw away upon a vagabond."

"He

"He ſhall have any thing that I can command," ſaid Lady Aubrey. "You know, Blagden, that my jointure is not large, and that when my child ſhall be of age, I ſhall have nothing elſe at my diſpoſal. The income allowed for Sidney's education has been equally ſhared between us; and you have hitherto been ſatisfied."

"I muſt return to England," cried the rapacious *confidante*. "I have a brother ſettling in a profitable buſineſs; he wants four hundred pounds, and I muſt call in money, which I have placed at intereſt, to aſſiſt him."

"You ſhall have four hundred pounds," replied Lady Aubrey: "I will write to my banker, and he ſhall ſend it to your brother."

Mrs. Blagden having gratified her avarice, again recurred to the firſt object of her hatred: "I hope, my Lady, that you will order Mr. Hanbury back to Glenowen

Glenowen without delay. The world begins to talk about your conduct; and ſome people have even ſaid that you intend to marry him. Now if that be the caſe, I ſhall not think myſelf bound to—"

"Ridiculous!" interrupted Lady Aubrey; "can you ſuppoſe me capable of ſuch folly?—Marry the ſon of a poor Welſh curate!"

"Perhaps your ladyſhip means to do worſe," ſaid Mrs. Blagden.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey; "can you entertain ſuch an opinion of me?"

"Then ſend him to England," vociferated the inveterate harpy. "He ſhall not domineer while I am preſent; I will not ſhut my eyes for every beggar to rob me of my right. I will no longer bear the degradation of ſubmitting to ſuch upſtarts."

Lady Aubrey conjured her to be patient; and conſoled her by a thouſand kind

kind and gentle promiſes of future favour. I was aſtoniſhed at the inſolence of Mrs. Blagden, and ſtill more at the meek ſubmiſſion of the haughty Lady Aubrey: but there is ſcarcely a poiſon which has not its antidote, and guilt will never fail to find its own ſcorpion to puniſh and torment it.

They now muttered low, and I ventured forth from my cloſet: on opening the door I beheld Lady Aubrey on her knees before Mrs. Blagden. "He ſhall go, I promiſe you; by all that is ſacred, he ſhall go immediately," ſaid Lady Aubrey with earneſt agitation.—At the ſight of me they ſtarted—I took advantage of their confuſion, haſtened to Mr. Hanbury, and told him that I had found my aunt in an agony of tears, and kneeling before Mrs. Blagden. Lady Aubrey ſoon after entered the room, and the converſation was interrupted.

I drew

I drew close by her chair to examine her eyes; they were red with weeping. I longed to ask her why she was kneeling to Mrs. Blagden, but the fear of offending my tutor restrained my tongue, and nothing further was then said on the subject. I quitted the chamber, and flew to find the inexorable governess; she was in the nursery with Sir Sidney; my resentment was not to be appeased; my curiosity demanded some explanation why Lady Aubrey, whose proud and overbearing mind spurned every other restraint, should be the mean and crouching suppliant of such a fiend as Mrs. Blagden. On entering the nursery, I briefly demanded the reason of her conduct, and asked her what right she had to send my tutor back to Glenowen. "My aunt loves him dearly," said I, "better than she loves you, a thousand thousand times."——"Indeed! who told you so?" cried Mrs. Blagden, while her eyes flashed

flaſhed vengeance, and her cheek grew white with malice.

"Why ſhe told him ſo herſelf—I heard her—and ſhe promiſed to love him for ever, and ſhe kiſſed his hand; and ſhe kiſſed me too," ſaid I with a tone of honeſt exultation.

"Pretty doings!" exclaimed Mrs. Blagden; "it is no wonder that I am out of favour: but all the world ſhall know it." So ſaying ſhe darted out of the room, and left me to reflect on the imprudence of my conduct.

Though Mrs. Blagden was in a ſubordinate ſituation in the family, ſhe was, in fact, a perſonage of infinite importance. Even the reſiſting ſpirit of Lady Aubrey ſubmitted to her guidance; and the entire management of Sir Sidney was entruſted to her judgment and diſcretion. Thus have we often ſeen the mightieſt rulers governed by weak and ignorant favourites, who, by that cunning

ning which is the aſſociate of vulgar minds, can defeat the wiſeſt counſels and over-rule the moſt enlightened opinions.

During Mr. Hanbury's ſlow recovery I was only permitted to diſcourſe with Sir Sidney at ſhort periods, and thoſe under the lynx-like watchfulneſs of the ſhe-dragon who guarded him. Even when the little hour of ſocial intercourſe was allowed, my lively effuſions were fettered by a thouſand cold and uſeleſs ceremonies, every one of which was degrading to my nature. I was deſired never to contradict Sir Sidney; never to interrupt him when ſpeaking; never to call him couſin, or to refuſe obeying whatever he ſhould think proper to command. Sir Sidney was amiable, and would have been the delight of my boſom, had nature been permitted to take place of compulſion; but the ſtern authority which enforced obedience, chilled the young buds of friendſhip

and

and eſteem, as the nipping froſt withers the infant bloſſoms of the year, which a foſtering ſun might have nouriſhed to perfection.

It was Sir Sidney's daily cuſtom to take the air in Lady Aubrey's carriage with Mrs. Blagden. Mr. Hanbury being nearly recovered, we alſo dedicated the morning to exerciſe, leſs luxurious, and more ſuited to our fortune. It was in one of theſe rambles that we were ſuddenly alarmed by ſhrieks of diſtreſs, and, looking round, we obſerved a carriage rapidly advancing along the road without a driver. On a nearer approach I percieved Sir Sidney extending his little arms from the window, while Mrs. Blagden uttered ſcreams that penetrated my heart. What was to be done? They were haſtening towards deſtruction! For, at the end of the lane, an abrupt angle preſented a dreadful and perpendicular precipice.

At

At this terrible moment I recollected a gate which terminated the road, and darted acroſs the corner of a field which led to it, with velocity ſcarcely human. But what were my horrors when I beheld the gate wide open, while the affrighted horſes purſued their career on full ſpeed. Still I flew with the ſwiftneſs of the wind; my limbs ſeemed light as goſſamer; and my heart beat time to the expedition of my feet. Mr. Hanbury kept his way along the lane in hopes of overtaking the carriage; but I reached the gate before him, juſt in time to cloſe it, and to arreſt the progreſs of the horſes. My joy was convulſive. I laughed, ſhrieked, jumped, and clapped my hands for ſeveral moments. Sir Sidney was releaſed from the carriage; and Mrs. Blagden, as ſoon as the danger was over, fainted.

I threw my arms about my little couſin, while a copious ſhower of tears expreſſed

preſſed my rapture. Mr. Hanbury was pale and unable to ſpeak. My ſecondary anxiety was for the ſafety of the coachman, for Mrs. Blagden excited but little emotion in my boſom. In a few minutes the object of my ſolicitude came running towards us, having only been thrown from his ſeat by a ſudden jolt, and being entirely unhurt by the fall.

Mr. Hanbury then led me to the margin of the precipice; it was terrible to behold—ſo ſteep, ſo profound, that the cattle, grazing in the dell below, ſeemed more than half diminiſhed by the expanſe of intervening air, while every thing like ſound was loſt in the dreadful and precipitate abyſs; my head became giddy with contemplating the ſcene, my heart ſickened, my blood ſeemed to curdle in my cheek.——— "There," ſaid Mr. Hanbury, pointing to the valley, fathoms down the dreadful chaſm, "there would have been

been the grave of Sir Sidney, had not your courage ſaved him." I ſhuddered at the recollection of his danger; I wept tears of joy when I beheld him ſnatched from deſtruction: the ſenſations of my heart were too poignant; Mr. Hanbury perceived their conflict, and led us back to Mrs. Blagden.

We found her perfectly recovered—the coachman had reſumed his ſeat—and the terrified governeſs, with Sir Sidney, returned home to relate the adventure; my couſin requeſted that Chance might accompany him, and with ſome reluctance I conſented. The emblazoned vehicle, which had been an object of admiration almoſt amounting to envy, I now conſidered as a dangerous and inſignificant luxury. "You have witneſſed an example, my dear Walſingham," ſaid my tutor, "that the greateſt ſplendours are not always the moſt productive of ſafety." Though my

own

own obſervation had ſuggeſted the idea, I was nevertheleſs pleaſed to hear it confirmed by Mr. Hanbury's opinion; and we converſed on the ſubject till we arrived at Lady Aubrey's hotel.

CHAP. XIV.

"WHO is there among us," ſays Cicero, "that has been inſtructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the ſight, or even the bare remembrance of his preceptor and the place where he was taught?" Every ſentiment which memory has engraved upon my heart confirms this opinion; and, to the tutor of my infancy does that heart daily offer up a prayer of gratitude and affection. Deprived of one dear parent, and eſtranged from the other, deſerted by Lady Aubrey, ſnarled at

at by the domeſtics at Glenowen, I was a ſtranger to happineſs till Mr. Hanbury afforded me his protection. In his kindneſs I found the affections of a parent, the zeal of a friend, and the aſſiduity of a preceptor. I felt a combination of gratitude and reſpect interwoven with every fibre of my heart; and though the gaudy ſcenes of life have paſſed before my eyes, like the warm tints of declining day, and, like them, faded to oblivion; the earlieſt dawn of reaſon, though clouded by misfortune, remains freſh in my memory, as though it were ſtill preſent. I remember its dark and lowering aſpect; and that the only ray of conſolation which gleamed through the ſombre perſpective originated in the warm and foſtering ſmiles of my benevolent tutor. To his enlightened maxims I owe the few flowers which nature implanted, but which he called forth to decorate my boſom.—

Alas, Roſanna! they only bloomed, like all my vain deluſive hopes, to periſh.

The pleaſure which I felt in reſcuing Match'em and my faithful Chance, could ſcarcely be termed a ſenſation, when compared with the delight of having ſaved a fellow-creature from deſtruction. Yes, my gentle friend, before I had ſtrength or thought to act in my own defence, I had preſerved the life of Sidney Aubrey! The recollection would have cheered my path through this wilderneſs of ſorrow—would have proved an antidote to all the poiſons of a contaminating world—could I have whiſpered to my lacerated boſom, I preſerved him to be happy!

Lady Aubrey received her child with rapturous affection. She claſped him to her heart, and kiſſed him with all a mother's fondneſs. But the joy which palpitated in her boſom ſcarcely allowed her the power of reflection, when, turn-

ing towards me, ſhe exclaimed, " Cruel and unnatural boy! what had your little couſin done to provoke ſuch malice? Had not you frightened the horſes, my Sidney's life would not have been endangered." It was in vain that Mr. Hanbury explained the nature of the accident; in vain that I aſſured Lady Aubrey of my innocence: Mrs. Blagden had ſuggeſted the idea, and her voice was conſidered as the oracle of wiſdom.

" Yet hear me, Lady Aubrey," ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

" It is to no purpoſe that you endeavour to exculpate the cruel monſter," interrupted Mrs. Blagden; " I am certain that my lady will not diſpute my word: if I am not to be believed in ſuch a trifling matter, the ſooner I quit Lady Aubrey's family the better."

" Do you call that trifling which endangers one perſon's life and wounds the

feelings of another?" ſaid my tutor. "Do you call that truth or juſtice which would ſtigmatize an innocent boy, and eſtrange him from the boſom that is bound to foſter him?"

"By what law is Lady Aubrey bound to provide for a beggarly relation?" cried Mrs. Blagden.

"By the law of nature," replied Mr. Hanbury; "where that relation is an honour to his lineage, and promiſes to be the pride of humanity. But," continued my tutor with ſtern indignation, "I can pity Lady Aubrey, when I recollect that ſhe is under the control of ſuch a monitreſs!"

"My Lady! do you authorize this upſtart to inſult me?" vociferated Mrs. Blagden. "Is this the treatment I am to experience for having ſo long——"

"No, no," interrupted Lady Aubrey, trembling and alarmed, "I do not

not authorize any one to affront you; and I am ſure that Mr. Hanbury is too liberal to inſult a woman."

"Well!" exclaimed the governeſs, "was there ever the like? to defend the inſolent wretch who has diſputed my word, and called me infamous names! But I ſee how it is, my Lady; therefore, let thoſe who give you counſel keep your ſecrets; and ſince you do not credit my aſſertions——"

"I do; I do credit every thing you ſay," replied the intimidated Lady Aubrey, taking her hand, and ſoothing her.

"Is it poſſible?" cried Mr. Hanbury.

"It is more than poſſible," ſaid Mrs. Blagden; "it is certain. The little devil had his motives. He always envied his beautiful couſin, and hoped by this experiment to deſtroy him."

I ſtood like one that was thunder-ſtruck! My conſternation took from me the powers of ſpeech.

"See how he ſtands, petrified with conſcious guilt!" continued my accuſer. "He would have been happy had he murdered his poor couſin."

I ſhrieked, and throwing myſelf on the ground, burſt into an agony of tears. Accuſed of meditating murder—the murder of the amiable Sidney! My agony was unutterable.

Again Mr. Hanbury attempted to expoſtulate; and again he was interrupted by Mrs. Blagden. "Spare your fine ſpeeches," ſaid ſhe; "'tis evident the boy has a wicked heart; you had better conſign him to obſcurity, for he will only diſgrace his family."

"Ah! let us go," ſaid I, ſobbing.

"You ſhall go," continued the tutoreſs; "you ſhall not remain under this roof to betray my lady—to tell your artful tales, and to expoſe her weakneſs." As ſhe pronounced theſe words a ſudden ſuffu-

ſuffuſion covered the cheek of the conſcious Lady Aubrey; ſhe looked earneſtly at me, and muttering "Infamous little wretch!" hung her head, overpowered with confuſion. The pauſe of ſilence which followed, gave new vigour to Mrs. Blagden's rage; till Mr. Hanbury, no longer able to endure her inſults, quitted Lady Aubrey's hotel, taking me with him, and reſolving, on the following morning to ſet out for England.

A new ſource of grief now preſented itſelf, and I began to think that there was no period to my vexations. Sir Sidney had taken ſuch a fancy to my favourite, Chance, that Lady Aubrey inſiſted on our leaving him behind us. I remonſtrated with my tutor—I wept abundantly—I hung about my poor dumb friend, and talked to him in the language of affection. Lady Aubrey would take no

denial—and Mr. Hanbury perſuaded me to gratify her wiſh, in hopes that my compliance might ſoften her reſentment. —I conſented—but my ſorrow was inordinate—"Ah! my beloved friend, my gentle companion!" exclaimed I, "we muſt part—perhaps for ever! I preſerved thy life—thou wilt not forget me! I am compelled to yield thee up—to conſign thee to a new maſter; to one who was born to tyrannize over me, and to rob me of every thing I value."

We departed. The ſummer had declined; and the rich ſcenery of autumn perpetually met our eyes as we traverſed a beautiful and luxurious country. Every day, every moment was devoted to mental improvement; and though my moſt meritorious propenſities had hitherto produced more pain than pleaſure, I ſtill reſolved to follow the example of my tutor, and to perſevere in the path which

he

he had trodden, though every ſtep were planted with the thorns of diſappointment.

We arrived at Glenowen: my boſom throbbed with ſomething like the intereſt which the heart feels when we meet a dear and long loſt friend. The bare and miſty mountains, contraſting the low and fertile valley, ſeemed like the barren pride of greatneſs, towering over the cultivated minds of thoſe whom deſtiny had placed in the calm vale of life. The idea occupied my fancy, till my eyes caught the firſt glimpſe of the manor-houſe, juſt viſible above the yellow foliage of the declining ſeaſon. I left you, my native home, thought I, all gay, and freſh, and verdant!—I find you ſtealing to temporary decay, yet flaunting your withered canopy, as if you lingered till my return. Beloved and ſolitary home! thou haſt ſtill a nook to ſhelter the unhappy: thy ſtorms, thy dark and cloudy

ſkies will not diſturb my meditations, or caſt a gloom over my expanding reaſon! For I have felt the miſery of contempt, the chilling hour of diſappointed hope, even amidſt the glow of ſummer radiance; I have known the human heart to congeal with apathy, while the gaudy exterior baſked in the ſunbeams of proſperity!

Mrs. Dickens and Mr. Martlet obſerved our chaiſe advancing along the park, and met us at the front door with wide-ſtretched eyes of wonder and curioſity. I leaped from the carriage, and inſtantly haſtened to the ſaloon in which I had left the portrait of Sir Edward: it had been cleaned, and placed in a more lively part of the room; the windows were open; the warm ſun ſhone upon it; I fancied that the features ſmiled; and all the unkindneſs of Mrs. Dickens was from that moment forgiven.

My

My next inquiries were after old Match'em: and my grief was exceſſive when I was informed that, a few days before my return to Glenowen, he had cloſed his weary life, worn out with labour. A variety of painful ſenſations ruſhed into my boſom, till reflection mingled the balm of reaſon with the ſenſibilities of pity. "He is gone!" exclaimed I with half-ſtifled emotion; "but he is at reſt!" As the ſentence concluded, the tear which regret had awakened, was chaſed away by the ſmile of reſignation!

CHAP. XV.

As ſoon as my luggage was conveyed into the hall, and the poſt-boy diſcharged, we haſtened to the parſonage, where, to our infinite grief—for I had already learnt to participate in the ſorrows of a friend—we were informed that the venerable father of Mr. Hanbury had been dead more than a month. It was then my turn to ſolace the afflicted; I wept abundantly; I gave him tear for tear; and, even by the ſympathy of childhood, conſiderably relieved his ſorrow! for my tutor's grief was ſincere, but not inordinate; he lamented, but his regret was blended with ſubmiſſion.

The news of Mr. Hanbury's death had been conveyed to Lady Aubrey during our journey from Nice to Glenowen;

owen; and, by the following poſt, my tutor received a letter, preſenting him the living, with credit on her banker for five hundred pounds to improve and embelliſh the parſonage. She expreſſed her regret that Mrs. Blagden's violence of temper had occaſioned the ſeparation; and, though ſhe never even mentioned me in her letter, it contained many profeſſions of regard and affection towards Mr. Hanbury. I will not detail my feelings as they roſe progreſſively from my ſorrows, but briefly ſtate the events of my life, till I reach that epoch when the tablet begins to aſſume a more ſombre aſpect.

Two years after our return to Glenowen, we ſet out for Briſtol, in order to tranſact ſome important buſineſs relative to the will of the deceaſed Mr. Hanbury, and to fetch home his daughter, who was placed at a boarding-ſchool in the vicinity of that city, where my tutor had

had many wealthy relations. We were kindly received, and hoſpitably entertained. We found Miſs Hanbury extremely beautiful in perſon, but her mind was as entirely uncultivated as though ſhe had been the pupil of a Siberian ſavage—She had not the ſmalleſt knowledge of the world or its cuſtoms; ſhe had paſſed the daily *routine* of boarding-ſchool tuition with a ſort of mechanical preciſion, which neither expands the heart nor enlightens the underſtanding. She had read authors, whoſe works ſhe did not comprehend; prattled a foreign jargon, without knowing the meaning of the words ſhe uttered; finiſhed needle-work which in half a century would only adorn the lumber-room of her grand-daughter; and learnt, by ear, a few old leſſons on the harpſichord, ſo little graced by ſcience and ſo methodically dull, that they would ſcarcely have ſerved as an opiate to a country

'ſquire,

'ſquire, after the voluntary toil of a fox-chaſe. For this lingering death of every mental bloſſom, Iſabella's conſcientious governeſs had received a conſiderable annual ſum, which had been paid during five years by Mr. Randolph her mother's brother, a wealthy merchant, who conſidered his lovely niece as the child of his adoption.

Mr. Hanbury's father, while on his death-bed, had written a letter to Mr. Randolph, thanking him for all his kindneſs to Iſabella, and requeſting that he would permit her to finiſh her education in that retirement which was moſt congenial to ſtudy. He further intreated that the important taſk of cultivating her mind might be undertaken by her brother, then with me on his journey from the continent. "I wiſh," ſaid the dying parent, "that my beloved infant, Iſabella, may be inſtructed, not only in all the finiſhed accompliſhments, which are deemed

deemed indiſpenſable in this age of trifling, but alſo in the more ſolid and maſculine leſſons of improvement, ſuch as form the ſcholar and dignify the attributes of reaſon. There can be no rational objection to ſuch a mode of education, as long as woman is gifted with thoſe mental powers which place her on an equality with man. The art of pleaſing will be the natural inmate of her boſom; ſhe will, by inſtinct, cultivate the ſofter graces; the flattery of our ſex, and the vanity of her own, will inſtruct her to charm by feminine attractions; but let her look beyond the trivial claims of ſexual rivalry; let her be taught to feel that ſhe is capable of prouder, nobler acquirements! that ſhe is born with reaſon, which ſhould break through the trammels of cuſtom, and aſſert its equal rights with thoſe tyrants who would enervate her mind, and bend her lofty ſpirit to the yoke of ignorance and ſlavery."

ſlavery." This letter had awakened a conſiderable degree of regret in Mr. Randolph's boſom; and it was not till two years after Mr. Hanbury's death that the injunction was made known to my tutor, who joyfully undertook the taſk impoſed on him by the laſt wiſh of his expiring father.

Iſabella was one year younger than myſelf. I was tall, athletic, and almoſt as dark as an Egyptian: ſhe was fair, beautiful, and gentle as the firſt breath of morning! During our reſidence at Briſtol, Mr. Randolph was particularly attentive to me; and frequently, in moments of jocularity, would call me "Iſabella's intended huſband." The bluſh which never failed to ſuffuſe her cheek, ſeemed to confirm the prediction; and, in proportion as ſhe receded, my young imagination cheriſhed hopes wild and romantic. The huſband, the future huſband of Iſabella! every fibre of my heart

heart throbbed at the idea! What undeſcribable impulſe awakened the pleaſing agitation, I know not: paſſion it could not be, at ſo early an age; were I a predeſtinarian, I ſhould call it fate. But I am wandering.—

On the day fixed for our departure, Mr. Randolph preſented Iſabella a purſe of gold, and ſeveral valuable trinkets, as tokens of his affection. "My dear Walter," ſaid he, addreſſing my tutor with a degree of emotion which he could not ſtifle, "to your love and protection I reſign this amiable child, this darling offspring of a departed ſiſter. Her memory will enſure my moſt zealous ſervices; and her virtues will, I truſt, be the pure models for Iſabella's ſtudy. The graces, which are implanted by the hand of nature, will be called forth by your powers of cultivation. She is fair and rich in mental treaſures; but were ſhe leſs endowed, leſs beautiful to behold,

hold, ſhe were ſtill the child of a beloved ſiſter, and as ſuch the inheritor of my affections."

Every word which Mr. Randolph uttered, penetrated my heart. I could not help drawing many painful compariſons betwixt his conduct and that of Lady Aubrey. She too had an amiable ſiſter; *I* was the only offſpring of that ſiſter; and yet, *I* was, with all my claims to pity and protection, abandoned, ſpurned, forgotten! The recollection caſt a gloom over my mind, and a tear of regret which accompanied it could not be concealed. Mr. Randolph obſerved the ſudden change in my countenance and manner, while with an encouraging ſmile he inquired the cauſe of my emotion. I ſighed but could not ſpeak; the full heart beat too highly for the tongue to give its feelings utterance. Mr. Randolph again addreſſed me: "My noble little friend," ſaid he, taking my hand

and

and ſhaking it heartily, "this ſorrow at departing indicates that you have been ſatisfied with my attentions. Is it the pain of quitting my family that renders you thus melancholy?" I briefly anſwered, "No."

"Are you ſorry that Iſabella is the companion of your journey?"

"No, no," replied I, rouſed from my reverie by the ſuggeſtion; "I love Iſabella, better, much better than I love myſelf, and am glad to find that ſhe is happier than I ſhall ever be."

Mr. Randolph looked earneſtly at me during ſeveral minutes. "Continue to love her," ſaid he ſmiling; "and endeavour to prove yourſelf worthy of that return which may, at ſome future period, be the ſource of felicity to both." Then, turning to Mr. Hanbury, he added, "There is ſomething in this boy that pleaſes me, that tells me he is born to ſoar above the common track

of

of men; labour to expand his mind—and who knows but—"

"I comprehend your meaning," interrupted my tutor, "and it will be the pride and pleaſure of my life to render them worthy of each other."

Mr. Randolph embraced us alternately, and after preſenting me a bank note of twenty pounds, to "buy baubles for my future wife," with tears in his eyes bade us "farewel, and remember."

From that moment I became attached to Iſabella, as I had been before eſtranged from Sir Sidney Aubrey; ſo ſtrong, ſo powerful are the pernicious effects of early prejudice.

We returned to Glenowen, after ſix months abſence; our affection ſeemed to augment every moment: Iſabella was the companion of my ſtudies, the playfellow of my hours of recreation: in all my walks, in all my exerciſes, ſhe was my aſſociate: I loved her with a brother's

ther's fondneſs: I felt the irreſiſtible power of female attraction, but I felt it unmixed with the deſtructive paſſions. I adored her, purely, tenderly. It was the idolatry of innocence; nothing ſexual contaminated my boſom; for the beauty of her perſon only preſented to my mind an epitome of her virtues! Roſanna, my pen trembles as I proceed; but you have commanded, and I will obey your wiſhes.

CHAP. XVI.

THE ſpirit of emulation animated our ſtudies, while the progreſs which we made was rapid and aſtoniſhing. From time to time, Mr. Hanbury rewarded our labours with ſuch little prizes as he deemed ſufficient to excite the vanity of know-

knowledge, without degrading the mind with the poiſon of avarice. Several ſmall medals had been contended for, and our triumphs had been nearly alternate. Iſabella every day improved in graces, both of mind and perſon: her form was beautifully proportioned; her countenance expreſſive and intereſting, and her complexion tinted with a tranſparent glow, which gave it a degree of animation ſcarcely human.

The words which Mr. Randolph had ſo emphatically repeated at our parting, perpetually haunted my imagination, attended by a train of chimeras, fatally flattering: "Endeavour to prove yourſelf worthy of that return which may, at ſome future period, be the ſource of felicity to both!" There was ſomething ſweetly prophetic in this counſel; my ſenſes eagerly imbibed the ſoothing miſchief; and every hour convinced me, that the proudeſt bliſs my heart could

ever

ever experience, would be that of deſerving Iſabella.

Lady Aubrey removed from Nice, and fixed her reſidence in Switzerland. Time journeyed gaily on till I attained my fourteenth year: during the ſummer months our ſtudies were purſued in a ſhady bower at the extremity of the garden; it had been formed and embelliſhed by me; it was the favourite retreat of Iſabella. A thick grove ſheltered it from the mid-day ſun, and the breezes from the mountains paſſed lightly over it: a thouſand ſimple flowers perfumed the threſhold; legions of Nature's choriſters, by their "wood notes wild," broke in upon the ſolitude, and rendered it a little elyſium! Why does my lacerated boſom bleed afreſh, while I deſcribe this ſcene of paſt delights? Why does my blood ſteal coldly through my veins, when I recollect that they are flown for ever?

At

At the cloſe of a ſultry day, returning from a long walk, as we came within ſight of Glenowen, we were ſurpriſed by an univerſal redneſs which filled the atmoſphere over the manor-houſe; and, on a nearer approach, we diſcovered, that the north wing of the venerable manſion was on fire. The whole neighbourhood was ſhortly after alarmed; and the peaſantry crowded in columns towards the ſcene of horror. The conflagration had commenced in Lady Aubrey's apartment; the flames burſt through the windows, and menaced the deſtruction of the whole fabric. Mr. Martlet, with a large body of villagers, was employed in removing the furniture, which was new and ſplendid. I ruſhed into the hall, and, amidſt clouds of ſmoke, aſcended the ſtairs of my aunt's dreſſing-room, the ſuperb hangings of which were juſt beginning to blaze. After conveying many articles of value

through the window, by cords which were thrown to me for that purpoſe, I found the flames preſs rapidly upon me; and at the ſame time diſcovered, that the gallery, which communicated with the centre of the building, had alſo taken fire. There was no time to heſitate: I ruſhed forth, amidſt the conflagration, and again reached the great hall, unconſcious of the burden which preſſed heavily on my ſhoulders. I haſtened to a ſmall wood that ſheltered the eaſt wing of the houſe; which, being the fartheſt diſtant from the ſcene of deſolation, was choſen as the ſafeſt ſpot on which the effects preſerved might be depoſited. It was a clear moonlight night, and the ſcene was awfully impreſſive. I ſtood almoſt petrified with horror; when, by a ſudden blaze which iſſued from the roof, I diſcovered that the laſt article which I had brought from Lady Aubrey's dreſſing-room, was the *ivory cabinet* which

which contained the fiat of my deſtiny. I ſtarted at the reflection! I ſhuddered, as I contemplated the object before me! A cold tremour thrilled through my boſom, while I meditated the guilty project of forcing the lock, and exploring its myſterious depoſit.

At this momentous criſis Iſabella's voice called on me from the entrance of the path; the ſound alarmed my heart, big with premeditated guilt; I ſnatched up the precious cabinet, and again hurrying towards the middle of the wood, which was over-run with brambles, haſtily concealed it beneath branches which I tore from the ſurrounding trees; and then, quitting the ſpot, returned to Iſabella.

Her joy was infinite. "Deareſt Walſingham! thank Heaven you are ſafe!" exclaimed the trembling girl, while ſhe eagerly ſnatched my hand, and kiſſed it, with the fondneſs of a ſiſter.

I ſhrunk from her careſſes—ſhrunk like a miſerable caitiff. "We ſaw you ruſhing amidſt the flames," continued Iſabella, "and our fears were terrible! My brother is now in ſearch of you; let us fly to relieve his anxiety." She endeavoured to lead me from the ſpot, but my feet ſeemed rooted to the ground, and all the powers of motion in an inſtant forſook me. "Leave me, Iſabella," ſaid I with a faultering voice, "leave me, I conjure you: the night-air is chilling; the ſudden tranſition from heat to cold will endanger your ſafety. There is peril—deſtruction in every blaſt—begone, I intreat you to begone."

"Are you not equally liable to its effects?" replied Iſabella. "This damp wood is full of miſchiefs." I ſtarted. "It is indeed!" ſaid I, ſhuddering with the conſciouſneſs of my ſituation. "Why this trembling?" continued Iſabella,

Iſabella, ſtill holding my hand, and gently compelling me to retread the narrow path; "the alarm, the horror of the calamity which you have juſt witneſſed, has overpowered your reaſon: indeed, my deareſt Walſingham, you are not like yourſelf."

"Can guilt ſo change us?" cried I, with increaſed perturbation.

"Guilt!" repeated Iſabella; "of what have you been guilty? Can it be a crime to endanger your own life, in the ſervice of another? Lady Aubrey will love you; ſhe will thank you for your exertions;—what you have done this night will—"

"Diſgrace me eternally!" exclaimed I, interrupting her. She was more bewildered than ever;—her hand was cold and trembling;—concluding that my ſenſes were diſordered, ſhe ſunk upon my arm, and burſt into an agony of tears. Her ſympathetic ſorrow awoke

me to reflection, and, for a moment, I ſhook off the lethargy that benumbed my faculties. I firmly graſped Iſabella's hand, and hurried towards the manor-houſe, which was ſtill burning with reſiſtleſs fury. The whole atmoſphere was illumined by the glowing pyramid which was formed of the fragments already conſumed; and the lofty trees of the ſurrounding woods were tinged with a crimſon luſtre, awfully contraſting the pale beams of the moon, and rendering the midnight hour ſublimely horrible!

At the entrance of the wood we met Mr. Hanbury, who, with exceſſive joy, embraced us both. "What is to be done?" exclaimed he, "the whole fabric will be reduced to aſhes; the central apartments are already on fire; and ſince your quitting the ſcene of deſolation, no one has ventured among the ruins. Lady Aubrey's dreſſing-room contained many papers of importance."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed!" ſaid I haſtily; "who told you ſo?"

"Mr. Martlet," replied my tutor. "He has received ſeveral letters from Lady Aubrey, ſince her reſidence on the continent, charging him to keep thoſe apartments locked; particularly that which contained the cabinet of ivory."

My whole frame was convulſed with contending emotions; I had frequently remarked that the dreſſing-room windows were cloſed entirely, and that I never could, by any means, obtain a view of its interior.

"Was the cabinet ſo valuable?" ſaid I, with a voice ſcarcely articulate.

"So it appears by the ſolemn injunctions repeated in Lady Aubrey's letters to Mr. Martlet," replied my tutor. "When you were in the apartment, do you remember having ſeen it?"

"I do," anſwered I, for I had not the meanneſs to aſſert a falſehood.

Mr. Hanbury was preparing another queſtion, which might have put my integrity to the trial, and diſcovered the ſecret cauſe of my perturbation, when the whole roof fell in, with a craſh that was terrific. The ſound ſmote my boſom with regret unutterable: the aſylum of my infancy, the abode of ſo many paſt and happy events, ſo many mournful and heart-piercing reflections, was, in a few ſhort hours, reduced to a maſs of ruins, incloſed between blackened walls, and caſting an inconceivable melancholy over every ſurrounding object.

CHAP. XVII.

It was day-break when we returned to the parſonage. Iſabella was exhauſted by fatigue, terror, and anxiety; and the events of the night paſt had ſo ſtrongly exerciſed my feelings, that on reaching my chamber, and throwing myſelf on my bed, I ſunk into a deep ſleep which laſted ſeveral hours. As ſoon as I awoke, I ſtarted from my pillow, ſcarcely ſatisfied in my own mind whether the conflagration had really taken place, or that a dream had deceived my ſenſes, and preſented horrors which in fact had never exiſted. The melancholy conviction ſoon met my eyes; for, on approaching the caſement of my chamber, the firſt objects I beheld were the ſhattered walls of the manor-houſe, incloſing a furnace ſtill ſmoking with the remnant

of its interior adornments. I ſtood for ſeveral minutes contemplating the ſcene of deſolation, which being the firſt of the kind that I had ever witneſſed, excited ſenſations of the moſt gloomy and awful deſcription.

The ſweet repoſe which weary nature procured for me, had taken off the laſſitude of fatigue, and my renovated ſenſes became more alive to the acute regrets which now aſſailed them. The coſtly apartments which Lady Aubrey had embelliſhed; the ancient and lonely chamber where I had ſlept, when Sir Sidney's birth annihilated all my viſionary hopes; the hall where Sir Edward's corpſe had reſted in ſtate; and the portrait on which I had gazed with ſuch fond diſtreſs, when I firſt quitted Glenowen, were all conſumed by the devouring flames, and loſt for ever. The memory of theſe, though triffing objects, led to a train of rumination that ſeemed endleſs. I dreſſed myſelf,

ſelf, and haſtily proceeded towards the park, whither Mr. Hanbury had gone ſome time before me. I panted to unburden my full heart; to exonerate my inquiring mind from that imputation of guilt, which the ſelf-reproving ſpirit would not ſuffer to lie dormant. The myſterious language which, in my childhood, I had heard fall from the lips of Lady Aubrey reſpecting the ivory cabinet, had never been communicated to my tutor; I dreaded the reproaches which would follow a confeſſion, that I had deſcended to the degrading taſk of liſtening with the hope of prying into the ſecrets of another. Having concealed the event a certain length of time, I then thought it too late to unfold my error; I had not reſolution to riſk Mr. Hanbury's eternal diſpleaſure, or to ſtigmatize myſelf with the meaneſt and moſt unpardonable violation of domeſtic confidence.

Perplexed, and almoſt wearied into deſperation, I paſſed the wood where the ſource of my agonizing conflicts had been depoſited the preceding night. I would have given worlds, had worlds been at my diſpoſal, to have boaſted that reſiſting quality, which impoſes ſelf-denial, even where our paſſions and our intereſts impel us on to miſchief. But I was the pupil of nature: my mind was permitted to form its bent, before I had judgment to diſcriminate the paths which led to reputation or diſhonour. I ruſhed forward, blind and impetuous: the preſent impulſe guided me; the future pang of compunction was neither feared nor anticipated. I had no proſpect of happineſs; and a perpetual ſcene of ſorrow diſheartened me, till fortitude and hope ſeemed weary of the conteſt. When I came near the ſpot where I had depoſited the cabinet, my whole frame ſhrunk and ſhivered! to embezzle the property of another;

another; to take advantage of a calamitous moment, for the purpoſe of committing little leſs than a robbery, filled my mind with horror. I interrogated myſelf, for what purpoſe I concealed the cabinet? Can I, like a daſtardly villain, a caitiff felon, break open the ſacred repoſitory of another's ſecrets? Impoſſible! A moment's pauſe produced a ſecond queſtion. Does ſelf-preſervation authorize an outrage ſo atrocious? The laſt ſuggeſtion ſtaggered me, while my heart throbbed at the peril it preſented.

Sometimes I meditated the plan of burying the cabinet, till Lady Aubrey's return to England: at others, I reſolved to unfold the whole myſtery to Iſabella; but the dread of her diſapprobation ſoon overpowered the dawning rectitude, which would in ſome meaſure have extenuated my original fault, and put a period to the progreſs of my criminality. While I was rapt in thought, Mr. Hanbury

bury came ſuddenly in my way, and the moment ſeemed to preſent itſelf for my reſcue from infamy. I ſtarted; I trembled; I took his arm: my countenance was pale and marked with contending agonies. He conjured me to reveal the cauſe of my inquietude. I could only articulate, "Thank Heaven! my better genius has prevailed." We walked haſtily, for he permitted my arm to guide him, till we came to the middle of the wood; my tutor's conſternation kept him ſilent; and my reſpiration was almoſt ſuſpended, by the important ſecret I was about to develope.

We approached the ſpot, where, through the thickly woven branches which I had heaped over the cabinet, a part of the ivory met our view. I ſtopped abruptly, and graſping his hand, inarticulately exclaimed, "The cabinet is ſafe. Do you not obſerve it? There, there it lies. Be ſecret—be prudent—

I ſnatched it from the flames; and, uninterrupted by the buſy multitude, hid it beneath the underwood which you ſee before you." As I concluded theſe words, I fell upon my tutor's neck, and buried my diſtorted features in his boſom.

"Why this emotion?" inquired Mr. Hanbury. "Wherefore does the accompliſhment of a generous enterpriſe afflict and agitate you?"

I conjured him not to queſtion me. "There is more danger in your zeal than kindneſs in your ſolicitude," ſaid I. "Reſt ſatisfied that Lady Aubrey's property is ſafe,—and that I am honeſt."

"Who ſuſpects your integrity?" cried Mr. Hanbury, with ſome ſurpriſe.

"Myſelf!" anſwered I, haſtily. "I ſtand accuſed by that monitor within, which no art can ſilence, no ſophiſtry delude. I have deceived you; I have deceived

deceived my own weak mind. I fancied that the revolving wheel of fortune would ſcatter minute events to the chaos of oblivion. Fool that I was, I thought that conſcience could be rendered ſubſervient to ſelf-intereſt. I did not recollect, that the villain, though maſter of his own crime, is ſtill the vaſſal of compunction."

"Your reaſoning is merely hypothetical," replied Mr. Hanbury; "bring me a caſe in point, and I will anſwer you: till then I ſhall deem your language wild and incoherent."

"At ſome future period all ſhall be explained," ſaid I; "for the preſent I muſt only conjure you to ſet me beyond the temptation of my own paſſions. Aſſiſt me in conveying the cabinet to ſome place of ſafety, and then take charge of it yourſelf till Lady Aubrey's return to England. This favour you cannot, you will not deny me."

"Shall

"Shall we deliver it to Mr. Martlet?" ſaid my tutor; "he is an old domeſtic in the family, and much valued for his honeſty."

"Not for worlds," replied I; "he muſt not know that the cabinet is preſerved."

"To whom can we ſo ſafely confide the property of Lady Aubrey, as to her confidential ſervant?" continued Mr. Hanbury.

"Keep it yourſelf," ſaid I. "If you regard my peace, I charge you to keep it; for on the preſervation of that repoſitory depends my happineſs or miſery for ever!"

My tutor aſſiſted me to lift the cabinet, which I had borne alone in the moment of horror, and we conveyed it to the parſonage without interruption; where it was immediately depoſited in my tutor's chamber, with his ſolemn promiſe, never to urge me farther on the

the ſubject. I felt my mind ſomewhat more tranquil, though not leſs culpable; the fainteſt ray of ſunſhine looks brilliant when it ſucceeds a ſtorm.

A few days after the deſtruction of the manor-houſe, I received the intelligence that my father had married a ſecond wife, almoſt young enough to be his daughter. He had for many months neglected writing to me; and, never having ſeen him ſince I firſt became the *protegée* of Lady Aubrey, the very cords of nature ſeemed ſlackened to inertion. Mr. Hanbury had been to me, ſince I had learnt to diſcriminate, more than a parent; I knew no other: my obedience, my gratitude, my affections, were his; for the mere name of relationſhip cannot influence a reaſoning mind, where the duties of life, and the ties of propinquity, are broken and deſtroyed by neglect and unkindneſs. We are bound by affec-

tion

tion to our parents for their care of us in our helpleſs ſtate, and for the parental feelings which they exemplify during our progreſs to maturity; but to aſſert that a child is indebted to its parents for vitality is abſurd and erroneous. Indeed when we look round this wide and eventful ſcene of ſorrow and deluſion, how few are there who can thank the author of their being; while thouſands, and tens of thouſands, lament the hour that firſt opened their eyes to the miſeries of exiſtence.—

For what is life?—A ſummer day
That dawns bedew'd with icy tears:
Youth glitters like the orient ray,
'Till buſy, toilſome noon appears.

Then, while the ſtormy paſſions reign,
The warm horizon ſhad'wy grows,
And only gloomy ſhades remain
To veil the world at evening's cloſe.

CHAP. XVIII.

At the age of ſeventeen I was placed in the univerſity of Cambridge, at Mr. Randolph's expence, and with his moſt earneſt injunctions to omit no opportunity of completing my ſcholaſtic labours. My mind was naturally ſtudious, and ſometimes ſerious, to a degree that gave me the appearance of a cynic. The retirement, in which I had grown from infancy to manhood, nurſed the thoughtful propenſities of my nature, and tinctured it with a melancholy, which can never be eradicated.

It was not till I was ſeparated from Iſabella that I knew how tenderly I loved her. The playful fondneſs of childhood had ripened into conviction of her power, and I was now conſcious, fatally conſcious, that ſhe was the object of my enthuſiaſtic idolatry.

Previous

Previous to my departure from Glenowen, Iſabella promiſed to correſpond with me; ſhe did not forfeit her word: our letters breathed the pureſt, tendereſt friendſhip; but nothing more: they were ſlow and ſubtle poiſons, ſweetened by fancy, yet certain to annihilate. I continued to imbibe their influence;—I was my own deſtroyer.

Three years elapſed, and I ſtill remained at the Univerſity. Iſabella's letters were my ſolace and my pride; they were written with that noble ſincerity, that natural eloquence, which penetrates and refines the heart. She was the counterpart of her brother—generous, candid, and enlightened. I often, in my letters to Mr. Hanbury, expreſſed a wiſh to viſit Glenowen; but he as repeatedly conjured me to relinquiſh the idea of quitting college, till I could leave it entirely. His injunctions were not to be violated: I devoted every moment

moment to mental labour, looking impatiently for the hour when fate would again bleſs me with the ſight of Iſabella. How little do we know the progreſs of our affections by the morning of love, where all is ſunſhine, ſplendour, and animation!

From my infancy it had been my wiſh to make the army my profeſſion. Reaſon and reflection pointed it out as the only means of providing for myſelf honourably: deſtitute, as I was, of fortune, I knew no other method of acquiring independence; and as a military life dazzles the fancy, while the triumphs of fame deaden the heart againſt the pleadings of philanthropy, the romantic energy of my mind anticipated the hour when I ſhould lay my laurels at the feet of my ſupreme idol!—when I ſhould riſe by the atchievements of my ſword, or fall in the defence of my country. I felt a ſtrong conviction, that nature had beſtowed

beſtowed no graces, either mental or perſonal, that could render me worthy of Iſabella; and I reſolved to ſeek for thoſe advantages which are not to be found in the dull paths of life—what I wanted in fortune, I hoped to acquire by fame—to live diſtinguiſhed, or to periſh forgotten.

The manor-houſe had been rebuilt on a more extenſive plan, and with great magnificence; the period was fixed for my quitting college; only two months more were to terminate my ſtudies, when I received a letter from Iſabella containing the following intelligence—

"Splendid preparations are making at Glenowen for the return of Lady Aubrey and her family: Mrs. Blagden has written a letter to Mr. Martlet, full of panegyric on your couſin, Sir Sidney, whom ſhe deſcribes as the handſomeſt and moſt accompliſhed of mortals!

tals! It is impoſſible to expreſs how anxiouſly I wait for their arrival. Do not be jealous, Walſingham, but I am already half in love with Sir Sidney, though his portrait is coarſely drawn by the hand of a partial delineator.—You muſt put on your beſt looks, and call forth your moſt poliſhed manners, leſt the ruſt of a college ſhould form a melancholy contraſt to the brilliancy of a foreign education."

The playful ſincerity which marked every line of Iſabella's letter, while it evinced the ingenuouſneſs of her heart, filled my boſom with new and agonizing inquietude. I read the lines over and over; all my ancient hatred was revived, and Mrs. Blagden appeared to be my evil genius. I wrote ſeveral anſwers to Iſabella's letter, all of which I deſtroyed as ſoon as written. I reſolved to ſet out for Glenowen, when pride checked the impulſe of affection, and I

as

as haſtily determined to wait the arrival of Sir Sidney. "Have I preſerved his life to embitter every moment of my own?" ſaid I in an agony of rage and irritation. "Shall I ſee myſelf again ſupplanted, and by Sir Sidney Aubrey? No, no: by all that is ſacred, I will periſh firſt!" Such were my ravings; ſuch the frenzied determinations of a mind alarmed, wounded, humbled; I was wild and frantic.

The next poſt brought me farther intelligence from Iſabella; I trembled as I received the letter from my ſervant; I threw it on the table, not having courage to open it while he was preſent, aſhamed of the weakneſs which I had not reſolution to conquer. Oh, Roſanna! theſe were moments, terrible indeed! I had experienced many ſorrows, felt innumerable pangs; but the ſupreme of miſery, the torture which the jealous heart endures, was, till that period of

my life, unknown to me. I could have annihilated Sir Sidney Aubrey, myſelf, Iſabella! All the potent miſchiefs of early prejudice now burſt forth in a mighty and ungovernable phalanx; while every gaſping wound in my agonized boſom panted for revenge.

I paced to and fro in my ſtudy—ſnatched up the letter—read the ſuperſcription, ſhuddered—curſed my fate, and again threw it on the ground in a paroxyſm of deſpair; till at length, with a ſort of deſperate reſolution, I broke the ſeal and read as follows——

"Lady Aubrey arrived yeſterday; Sir Sidney is an angel! never did nature form ſo wonderful a creature! How ſhall I deſcribe him? What pen can do juſtice to that model which mocks the powers of deſcription? High as expectation had been raiſed by Mrs. Blagden's letter, the glowing colours of fancy proved too faint for the original

which

which they eſſayed to repreſent. Figure to yourſelf a form moulded by the Graces, and faſhioned by a ſtudious deſire to pleaſe; a countenance rather intereſting than regular; eyes!—Oh, Walſingham! I will not attempt to delineate them; they would mock the powers of a more experienced artiſt. Then, his manners are ſo faſcinating, ſo poliſhed, ſo animated! He ſings divinely, and plays on many inſtruments with ſkill the moſt enchanting! We paſſed the whole evening in rambling about the woods. He repeated ſeveral paſſages from the Italian poets, and from Oſſian; for he has been theſe laſt four years under the tuition of one of the moſt learned and enlightened men in Switzerland. Born to embelliſh ſociety, Sir Sidney comes among us like a conſtellation; every ſcene aſſumes new powers of attraction; every object looks gay at his return! Haſten to be-

hold this celeſtial being, leſt Nature, thinking him too perfect for this world of ſorrow, ſhould remove him to purer, happier regions."

I read no further. I threw the letter from me, and, in one ſhort moment, I pitied, hated, deſpiſed, and doated on Iſabella. What ſlaves do our paſſions make of us! What an inconſiſtent being is a lover! What are the vaunted triumphs of education, if our affections can riſe in rebellion to overturn the empire of reaſon?

On the following morning I received a ſummons from Mr. Hanbury to ſet out without delay for Glenowen. His letter was likewiſe filled with encomiums on the accompliſhed Sir Sidney. This was the confirmation of all I feared, and all I anticipated. I knew that my tutor was ſuperior to prejudice, and that the immutability of truth formed the baſis of all his opinions. "He cannot

not be deceived," ſaid I: "he has no motive for tormenting me. His imagination is tempered by experience, and cannot be cheated through the dazzling medium of partial affections. I will haſten to Glenowen; I will judge for myſelf: I will examine this phenomenon; I will be convinced." I quitted college,—and my prediction was verified;—I *was* convinced.

Sir Sidney Aubrey was exactly the being whom Iſabella had deſcribed—handſome, polite, accompliſhed, engaging, and unaffected. He ſung, he danced, he played on the mandolin, and ſpoke the Italian and French languages with the fluency of a native. Yet theſe were not his only acquirements; he fenced like a profeſſor of the ſcience; painted with the correctneſs of an artiſt; was expert at all manly exerciſes; a delightful poet; and a faſcinating companion.

On my arrival he met me in the park; "My dear Walſingham," ſaid he, "how long I have wiſhed for this reunion! Though far diſtant, you have been often preſent to my thoughts; and never without my heart's bearing teſtimony of my gratitude and eſteem."

His words diſtracted me: he flew towards the portico of the manor-houſe, where Lady Aubrey was ſitting.—"Oh, merciful God!" exclaimed I, ſhuddering, "am I deſtined to be at enmity with ſuch a mortal?"

Lady Aubrey's pride and arrogance had not been worn away by the paſſing pinions of time; ſhe received me coldly, and, by a frown of reproof, endeavoured to check the warm and generous zeal which Sir Sidney was emulous of evincing. "Your hoſpitality overcomes your reaſon," ſaid my aunt; "this extravagant vivacity will not do in England."

"Then

"Then allow me to return to the frozen ſkirts of Mont-blanc," replied Sir Sidney. "It will be unnatural to let the heart petrify in this genial and prolific ſoil; will it not, Miſs Hanbury?"

Iſabella ſmiled; I was confuſed and alarmed: I thought that her countenance was more than uſually animated, while her beauty became provokingly dangerous.

"Theſe ſallies," ſaid Lady Aubrey, while every feature ſettled into a ſullen indignation, "theſe abſurd ſallies are—"

"The ſpontaneous effuſions of the heart, my deareſt mother," interrupted Sir Sidney. "Miſs Hanbury knows that I have been as wild as a mountain kid ever ſince I returned to Glenowen. She has been the companion of all my rambles; and we mean to explore every path of the woods and vallies to ſee

whether Nature is ſo prudiſh as to hide her charms for her greateſt admirer."

Iſabella's cheek reddened to ſcarlet; I fixed my eyes on her; ſhe had not reſolution to meet their gaze. My couſin proceeded—

"How prettily an Engliſh girl bluſhes!"

"Have you made that obſervation already?" ſaid I.

"Yes, truly," anſwered he with an air of *nonchalance* that increaſed my irritation; "for when I ſaluted Miſs Hanbury, her cheek was overſpread with a glow that would have excited the envy of a Pariſian coquette, newly *rouged* from her toilette." My agony was indeſcribable. "But tell me honeſtly," continued Sir Sidney, taking Iſabella's hand, and looking earneſtly at her, "am I the firſt happy mortal, whoſe boldneſs produced a ſuffuſion which made the very roſes faint with jealouſy?"

"I do

"I do not comprehend you," anſwered Iſabella, with a look half reprehenſive.

"Come, come, this is affectation," ſaid my couſin: "confeſs; has no mortal ever ſaluted that fair and downy cheek, beſides the preſuming Sir Sidney?"

"None," replied Iſabella, "except my brother and Walſingham."

"*Braviſſima!*" exclaimed my couſin; "fairly owned, by all that's charming. Now I can account for Ainsforth's gloomy appearance. But do not fear me, my good fellow," continued he, "I never will be your rival."

"My rival!" repeated I ſharply; for he had touched the chord which vibrated through my palpitating heart—"My rival!" the idea was inſupportable—Arrogant fool! thought I, doſt thou vainly imagine that, after years of fond, of enthuſiaſtic idolatry, the hap-

pineſs or miſery of my life depends on thee? Am I at thy mercy? And is the heart of Iſabella ſo eaſily won, that in a few ſhort hours a ſtranger ſhould ſupplant me?

"A truce to the ſpirit of chivalry," continued Sir Sidney Aubrey, "for, by the lance of the renowned Sancho, I came not to ſupplant thee. Sleep in peace, my gallant Walſingham; I will never ſcatter thorns upon thy pillow."

"For Heaven's ſake drop this idle converſation," cried Miſs Hanbury; "for Mr. Ainsforth ſeems inclined to render himſelf perfectly ridiculous."

There was an air of haughty reprehenſion, a tone of cold contempt in her words and manner, which I had never, till that moment, witneſſed: I was mute with conſternation.

"Well," cried Sir Sidney, "I have often heard that the moſt ſimple of God's creatures is a jealous lover; and I think

think the fact now ſo unqueſtionable, that I ſwear, from this hour, never to wear the chains of any mortal woman."

"You are right, Sir Sidney," exclaimed I. "The ſex is made up of folly and caprice; vanity and the love of power are the predominant paſſions of the female ſoul; for theſe they will ſacrifice all the pureſt affections—all the bonds of friendſhip and ſociety: give a woman but the laurel of conqueſt, and ſhe will trample without remorſe on all the buds of reaſon and humanity."

"Hold! hold!" vociferated Sir Sidney; "woman is a charming creature, provided ſhe has her way; a gentle aſſociate where ſhe has the power to command; a kind friend where there is no proſpect of rivalry: and yet there is no living out of their ſociety. Wherever I go, I make woman my companion; whatever I meditate, I conſult a woman: in ſhort, when I abandon the

ſex I muſt ceaſe to live; for exiſtence will not be worth preſerving when woman is forgotten.—What ſay you, my gallant couſin? am I not right?"

"I was once of your opinion, Sir Sidney," ſaid I, gravely, at the ſame time fixing my eyes on Iſabella's countenance: "but ſuch is the frailty of human nature—ſuch the undefinable reſtleſſneſs of our paſſions, that I am wholly changed—independent of the ſex's caprices, free, unſhackled as the wind."

Iſabella ſmiled, but it was the feeble triumph of a moment; a tear, a precious tear, which ſtarted from her reproving eye, would, had I been reaſonable, have repaid me for all I ſuffered.

"Thou art wiſe," cried Sir Sidney, ſhaking my hand; "therefore accept the congratulations of a congenial ſpirit. I too once was conſtant; I have for many months loved one woman; but I feel uncon-

unconquerable ſymptoms of a truant diſpoſition, and fear that a new idol will very ſhortly be triumphant. What would you ſay to me, if, after beholding all the *belles* of France, the mountain nymphs of Switzerland, and the love-inſpiring dames of luxurious Italy, I ſhould return hither to become the hermit of Glenowen?"

This queſtion, though addreſſed to me, was accompanied by a glance at Iſabella.

"Why the hermit?" inquired Miſs Hanbury. "Does the pureſt paſſion of the ſoul deſerve to periſh beneath the chilling garb of apathy?"

Sir Sidney ſighed deeply—"Sweet inquirer!" anſwered he, "my deſtiny is ſorrow! Therefore Walſingham may be as wretched as he will, he is ſure of a companion in affliction."

We were interrupted by Lady Aubrey, who had been ſtrolling along the park, and the converſation ended.

CHAP. XIX.

SIR Sidney's vivacity pleaſed, at the ſame moment that it ſtung me to the heart. I fancied that he had trifled with my feelings, through a conſcious ſuperiority which was the offspring of his mother's overbearing ſpirit. As ſoon as dinner was ended, during which Lady Aubrey's chilling auſterity kept the circle ſilent, Sir Sidney propoſed a ramble towards the mountains. "Come, the evening breezes are inviting, pretty Iſabella," ſaid he; "we will yet have a race before ſun-ſet: you know that you have promiſed to accompany me: Walſingham ſhall ſtay and make his court to my mother." In an inſtant they were out of the room, and I heard them laugh as they croſſed the hall: I had not power to reply: Sir Sidney's words, as well as his

his manner, diſpleaſed and mortified me. "Make my court" to Lady Aubrey! Heavens! what infamous degradation! Shall I become a cringing fawning ſycophant? Is it not ſufficiently humiliating, thought I, to relinquiſh Iſabella? Shall I be the ſlave, as well as the dupe of my own paſſions? The idea was but little calculated to quell the fever which began to riot in my brain. I was the moſt unhappy of the human race; the moſt perſecuted of mortals! at leaſt I thought ſo.

With an aching heart, and an indignant reſentment, I watched Iſabella and Sir Sidney as they aſcended the mountain: I ſaw them racing, and frolicking, and playing a thouſand gambols. Lady Aubrey perſevered in a taciturnity which afforded me leiſure to be wretched. The objects of my attention reached the ſummit of the mountain, and, by their deſcending on the oppoſite ſide, I loſt

ſight of them entirely. My agitation became inſupportable, and, briefly taking leave of my aunt, I returned to the parſonage. Evening cloſed, and neither Miſs Hanbury nor my tutor made their appearance. Twice did I walk to the end of the park, and as often return to my chamber mortified and perplexed. I thought myſelf the mere make game of a giddy girl, and a vain, exulting libertine. I could not bear the very ſhadow of oppreſſion; it was at all times agonizing: but oppreſſion from one who had from his infancy been trained to offer inſult; tutored to tyrannize; accuſtomed to conſider me as a dependant on his future kindneſs, and in many inſtances triumphant over my inclinations, brought with it ſuch horrors, that I ſhuddered to anticipate the deep ſhades which were deſtined to follow them.

While my boſom was endeavouring to ſubdue its conflicts, Mr. Hanbury entered

tered my apartment. "Walſingham," ſaid he, with a ſerious and impreſſive tone, ſomewhat tinctured with auſterity, "there is a circumſtance of infinite importance, which calls for your immediate attention. I lament the neceſſity of this communication, but you muſt now reſign that which you can no longer poſſeſs, without, pardon the expreſſion, diſhonouring yourſelf, and ſtigmatizing my family."

The cold drops paced down my forehead. Mr. Hanbury pauſed. "Proceed," ſaid I faintly, "I am prepared to meet my deſtiny, even though it ſhould deprive me of all that rendered life deſirable." My quivering lips, which with difficulty articulated theſe words, my convulſed and agitated frame, alarmed my tutor; and he replied, "You are *not* prepared, Walſingham; you deceive yourſelf; collect all your reſolution, and we will decide upon this important

portant buſineſs to-morrow." As he concluded theſe words, he quitted the chamber, and left me to ruminate on the purport of his viſit.

"Stigmatizing his family!" ſaid I, half frantic at the inſult: "would an alliance with Iſabella ſo mark her with diſgrace? What am I? Oh, Nature! tell me, where lies the damning quality which renders me unworthy? If in the centre of my breaſt, I will exterminate its very ſhadow. Yes, Iſabella! I will reſign thee! I will for ever obliterate the memory of paſt hopes; become a ſad and wretched exile, from thee, and from the world; and make this heart, this ambitious and fooliſh heart, do an eternal penance for its folly."

Midnight advanced, and no Iſabella appeared. After many ſtruggles between pride and affection, I again repaired to Lady Aubrey's. How often did I turn back, only to renew my path! On approaching

proaching the houſe, I heard muſic; I entered the hall, where I found a number of the ruſtic neighbours aſſembled and dancing; Sir Sidney was the partner of Miſs Hanbury. On my appearing in the gay and happy circle, my couſin ſmiled, and whiſpered ſomething to Iſabella. She looked earneſtly at me; my features bore evidence of my diſtreſs. The dance only conſiſted of eight couple, and Sir Sidney propoſed making "a merry night of it." Theſe were his words.

"It is already morning," ſaid Lady Aubrey peeviſhly.

"So much the better," exclaimed my couſin. "The broad ſun ſhall hold a torch to our revelry, and every individual ſhall partake of it. Mirth is the ſoul of ſociety; we can but live our day; and if we can make it perpetual ſpring, why ſhould we ever fancy it December? Pray forgive me, Walſingham,"

ham," added he, bowing; "but your gloomy countenance ſuggeſted the idea."

"If learning wears ſo forbidding an aſpect," cried Lady Aubrey, "'tis folly to be wiſe. A pedant is not fit for any thing in nature."

"Pardon me, madam," ſaid I, in a half whiſper; "if you apply that name to me, I muſt deny the charge."

"What is he good for?" inquired Lady Aubrey.

"To keep a ſecret," anſwered I, ſternly; "and to correct unmerited contempt," added my tutor, who had overheard us. Lady Aubrey was ſilenced by this rebuke, and the retroſpect of her adventure with Lord Linbourne afforded her food for rumination, while it augmented her hatred towards me.

It was in the month of June, and, as the night was ſultry, Sir Sidney propoſed ſupping, and renewing the dance after the party had taken refreſhment. At table

table he placed himſelf next to Iſabella: he talked to her with eaſy familiarity, and at intervals rallied me on my ſcholaſtic ſolemnity. Every tongue was laviſh in his praiſe, and Miſs Hanbury's attentions were unremitting. I obſerved them, and my ſuſpicions were confirmed reſpecting the ſubject of her brother's recent communication.

The more I ſuffered from inquietude, the more Lady Aubrey enjoyed my chagrin, and muttered coarſe remarks. I heard diſtinctly the words "ingratitude," and "envy;" "needy vagabond," and "arrogant pedant." I would have given worlds to have been on the ſummit of the higheſt precipice, from whence one ſtep might have hurled my feveriſh boſom fathoms down the terrible abyſs, never to throb again.

The night appeared inſupportably tedious: at day-break, Sir Sidney propoſed one dance upon the lawn before

the

the houſe. The ſun was juſt beginning to gild the tops of the mountains; the air was temperate; the dew ſpangled the turf; and the birds began to carol their wild notes from every branch of the ſurrounding woods. Ah, Roſanna! how like the progreſs of paſſion is the ſummer day! I ſtole towards the portico; and while Sir Sidney was occupied in arranging the cloſe of the feſtival, wrote the following

SONNET.

Slow ſail the vapours o'er the mountain's creſt,
Unveiling its blue head! The bluſhing ſky
Flings on the dewy vale its roſeate dye,
And morn appears by ſmiling Nature dreſt!
Sweet is her breath, and green her ample veſt;
A thouſand minſtrels round her boſom fly;
A thouſand zephyrs breathe the balmy ſigh,
And ſprinkle perfumes on her glowing breaſt.
So, in the dawn of love, all ſcenes look gay;
The cheek of her ador'd, out-tints the roſe!
Sweet is her balmy breath, as buds of May,
The pulſe beats muſic, and the boſom glows;
Our eyes with grateful rapture greet the day,
Nor ſee the ſtormy hour, which brings a world of woes.

I had

I had ſcarcely finiſhed the laſt line, when Sir Sidney, whoſe vivacity was untiring, inſiſted that all the domeſtics of Glenowen ſhould join in the dance, and partake of the breakfaſt. "The lads and laſſes ſhall be forthcoming," ſaid he, "and therefore the ſooner we arouſe them, the better. I will awaken the damſels; and if they do not obey the ſummons, they ſhall rue their diſobedience; for every one that refuſes ſhall—have a kiſs from Walſingham."

Again the butt of ridicule! the fool for idle jeſts and oblique ſarcaſms! I began to loſe all patience. The whole family was awakened, for the under-ſervants had been long ſleeping; Sir Sidney was maſter of the ceremonies; refreſhments were placed upon the lawn, and the dance recommenced, with increaſed numbers, and augmented glee. My couſin, with an inſulting ſmile of triumph, again took Iſabella's hand, and,

with

with provoking malice, begged leave to preſent me that of Mrs. Blagden. Age had not improved her perſonal attractions, neither had time diminiſhed my rooted antipathy; yet I knew, that, to diſcover my humiliation would only be to increaſe Sir Sidney's merriment. I received my ſcowling partner, though with an ill grace, and we blundered down the dance together; Mrs. Blagden flouting and flouncing; and I as melancholy as though I had been haſtening to execution.

Sir Sidney continued to rally me on my penſive mood by a quotation from Milton, "A beardleſs cynic is the ſhame of Nature!" I made no reply. "Live and laugh, my man of learning," continued he, "for be aſſured, that pedantry is as unbecoming to youth, as a roſe-wreath to the rigid features of antiquated virginity. Travel, Walſingham, travel; viſit the rich glow of a ſouthern

ſouthern hemiſphere, or you will freeze into a ſtatue, fit for nothing but to adorn your grandmother's monument."

The clamorous laugh which echoed round at the concluſion of this ſprightly admonition, was ſcarcely ſupportable, when Mr. Hanbury relieved my diſtreſs, by propoſing that we ſhould return to the parſonage. I did not reſent Sir Sidney's ill-timed pleaſantry, for I have ever ſhunned the querulous, vindictive ſpirit, which only mingles with ſociety to watch the moment of diſſenſion, and to poiſon the delicious intercourſe of friendſhip. Had not Iſabella been the object of my ſolicitude, Sir Sidney's vivacity would have entertained me: but the proud mind ſhrinks from the ſlighteſt touch of perſecution; and the ſenſitive plant is not more feeble, more undefinably ſuſceptible, than is the throbbing boſom of a jealous lover.

A thouſand torments wait on love;
The ſigh, the tear, the anguiſh'd groan!
But he, who never learnt to prove
A jealous pang,—has nothing known!

For jealouſy,—ſupreme of woe!
Nurs'd by diſtorted fancy's pow'r,
Can round the heart bid mis'ry grow,
Which darkens, with the ling'ring hour.

While ſhadows, blanks to reaſon's orb,
In dread ſucceſſion haunt the brain!
And pangs,—that ev'ry pang abſorb,—
In wild, convulſive tumults reign.

At morn, at eve, the fever burns,
While phantoms tear the aching breaſt;
Day brings no calm, and night returns
To mark no ſoothing hour of reſt.

Nor, when the boſom's waſted fires
Are all extinct, is anguiſh o'er;
For *jealouſy*, that ne'er expires,
Still wounds, when *paſſion* lives no more.

CHAP. XX.

ON the following morning Mr. Hanbury came early into my apartment; and, by his countenance, I was told the meaning of his visit. Unable to bear the trial that awaited me, and urged by the impatience of despair, I opened the conversation abruptly; I told him, that I had made up my mind to obey his wishes, and conjured him to act as he thought proper, without consulting me further on the subject.

"Are you sure that you will not repent hereafter?" said Mr. Hanbury.

"I cannot repent of that which you deem necessary," answered I, walking hastily about my chamber, and perplexed, almost to madness.

"Let me conjure you to remember, that my honour, and perhaps your future

peace of mind, depend on the deciſion," continued my tutor; "yet, believe me, Walſingham, if you lament the ſacrifice, I ſhall never ceaſe to regret its propriety."

"Oh! do not add the miſery of humiliation to the torture of neceſſity," ſaid I with increaſed inquietude; "leave me, my friend, my more than father;—leave me to ſtruggle againſt my adverſe fortune; but I conjure you not to pity me. I ſtand ſelf-convicted; I look back with horror on my own infirmity. Heaven can bear witneſs, how fatally I was deceived; my ſenſes are awakened; I confeſs the propriety of your opinions, and am ready to adopt them. But mark me; the ſubject of this painful interview muſt, from this moment of humiliating acquieſcence, never be renewed: the memory of my paſt folly muſt be buried, as ſhortly my miſeries will be, in eternal oblivion; for, dearly as I eſtimate your friend-

friendſhip; ſtrongly as I am bound to you by all the bonds of gratitude and affection, I ſwear moſt ſolemnly never to bear reproach. Take back the precious treaſure, and leave me in ſilence to deplore that I have loſt it."

"Is the ſacrifice of ſuch importance?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"God! what a queſtion!" exclaimed I, turning ſuddenly towards him. "Is honour dear to man? Is the vital air we breathe a part of our exiſtence? Does the ſun nouriſh the embryo bloſſoms into life? What a queſtion! But you trifle with my feelings, Mr. Hanbury. Do not tempt me to forget the friendſhip which I owe you; do not teach me to curſe the hour which firſt gave me to your protection; do not ſuffer me to diſgrace my name with the baſeneſs of ingratitude."

"If it were poſſible to ſuggeſt any idea that might reconcile my mind—" cried my tutor.

"Hold!" interrupted I, graſping his arm, and looking ſternly at him; "I will hear no more. If this diſtracting ſubject be again renewed, we part for ever. I charge you to fulfil your wiſhes;—to gratify the heart of a deſigning woman;—and to leave me to the fate which ſeems inevitable." At the concluſion of theſe words, I ruſhed from his preſence, and, with a freſh load of anguiſh on my mind, haſtened to Glenowen.

On entering the manor-houſe I found a new viſitor; Colonel Aubrey, the uncle of Sir Sidney, the long-neglected brother of the deceaſed Sir Edward. Iſabella, Mr. Hanbury, and myſelf, were invited to dine with him; and, though I was not eager to renew the humiliations of the preceding evening, I could not with propriety decline the invitation. All the pride of my heart was called into action for this trial of its fortitude; doomed to behold the object of my affections,

ſections, for the firſt time ſince ſhe had conſigned me to complete deſpair; deſtined to meet a rival, whom from my infancy I had been taught to hate; ſubjected to the inſolence and ſcorn of an inexorable relation; my perplexities were infinite: but the haughty ſpirit of my ſoul ſuſtained me under the accumulated preſſure of vexations; and, at the appointed hour, I repaired to dinner.

My aunt had never been a favourite of Colonel Aubrey's; and ſince the birth of Sir Sidney, all intercourſe between them had wholly ſubſided. She had uniformly endeavoured to eſtrange them from each other, by repreſenting the early life of her neglected kinſman, as ſtigmatized with profligacy and blackened by ingratitude towards the deceaſed Sir Edward. Colonel Aubrey had ſerved with diſtinguiſhed reputation, but his fortune was unequal to his neceſſities, and his generoſity had long ſet

economy at defiance. He was between thirty and forty years of age, well-looking, frank, liberal, and unaffected. He had paſſed his life in a camp, and was ſtill unmarried.

At the ſiege of Gibraltar in the year 1781, Colonel Aubrey had been ſeverely wounded. His health was alſo impaired by long ſervice; and, his regiment being ſtill in that fortreſs, he had obtained leave of abſence, in hopes that change of climate might in time reſtore him. He had paſſed ſix months in London, where the beſt medical aid, united with his own urbanity of temper, had ſo far completed his cure, that one month at Bath was deemed ſufficient for his perfect recovery.

From the courteous and over-acted attentions of Lady Aubrey, during dinner, it was evident that ſhe was a ſtranger to the worldly ſituation of her gueſt. As ſoon as the deſſert was placed upon the

the table, ſhe began to expatiate on the great wealth of her ſon, and its vaſt accumulation during his minority. "For his ſake," ſaid ſhe, "I have conſented to bury myſelf in Switzerland, and to live upon my jointure. He will be the richeſt of the family that ever bore the name."

"As I am the pooreſt!" interrupted Colonel Aubrey.

"You have fame, to compenſate for the want of fortune and a title," ſaid my aunt, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile appropriate to the obſervation.

"Then he has that, which is more enviable than either!" cried Sir Sidney, ſhaking his uncle's hand with the moſt amiable cordiality.

"Pſhaw!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey, "you talk like a child; fame is no bad recommendation for a ſoldier, but I believe you would hardly be ſuch an em-

becile as to exchange your ſolid eſtate for his airy reputation."

"Indeed, madam," replied Colonel Aubrey, "there is too much truth in your aſſertion! All my poſſeſſions are merely air, and I am the camelion deſtined to live on it, unleſs my nephew has a little more generoſity than your ladyſhip; for, to tell you the plain truth, I came hither to borrow money."

Lady Aubrey's face ſuddenly changed colour, while her eyes aſſumed a broader circle, and her whole frame ſtiffened with aſtoniſhment. A nod of encouragement from Sir Sidney inſpired his uncle with new reſolution, and he continued:—

"I am a poor ſoldier, my nephew is a wealthy heir: I have a narrow income; he has a capacious heart! He may live to enjoy the ſubſtantial pleaſures of the world, while I am fighting for "the bubble reputation;" there-

fore,

fore, as it is the firſt time I ever condeſcended to borrow, and, probably, the laſt that your ladyſhip will be induced to lend, you may as well conclude the buſineſs without wounding my pride, or diſtreſſing the humanity of Sir Sidney."

"And pray, Sir," cried Lady Aubrey, "where are my feelings, that they are not to be conſulted?"

"Bring them into court, for they appear to be aliens," cried Sir Sidney, "and we will examine them. If they can produce evidence that will acquit your heart, mother, I will adore them as the very eſſence of philanthropy."

"You are haſty in your deciſions," cried my aunt, fidgeting on her chair, and growing crimſon with ill-humour.

Colonel Aubrey renewed his petition. "Time is on the wing," ſaid he, "and I muſt join the regiment; Heaven knows when we ſhall unite again. A

Spaniſh ſix-pounder would ſettle all my debts of honour; but that I cannot ſtoop to accept ſuch a favour from an enemy."—Sir Sidney's countenance was agitated in the extreme.

"A very modeſt requeſt," replied Lady Aubrey. "I believe you are the firſt man that ever had the effrontery to borrow money at the moment when he was going to loſe his life."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Sir Sidney, riſing from table to conceal his emotion.

"And pray, Colonel Aubrey, what recompence is my ſon to expect for his generoſity?" inquired my aunt, gravely.

"The recollection that I did my duty," replied Sir Sidney, "that I had the ſupreme felicity of ſerving a gallant fellow, whoſe name will be revered when mine is forgotten."

"Bravo!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed I, involuntarily, while my heart, forgetful of its own ſorrows, glowed with admiration.

"See, mother," cried Sir Sidney, "we can thaw even the icy boſom of the philoſophic Walſingham."

"And, pray, who required his comment?" ſaid Lady Aubrey, happy in having an opportunity to unburthen the rage that ſwelled within her boſom. "When dependants preſume to dictate, ſuperiority of condition becomes indeed a ſhadow. But let me aſk you, Colonel, ſince the matter has gone ſo far, what may be the ſum which you wiſh to borrow?"

"Three thouſand pounds."

"A mere bagatelle!" exclaimed Sir Sidney; "you ſhall have it."

"By what right?" vociferated Lady Aubrey.

"The right, by which virtue claims the participation of Fortune's favours," anſwered my couſin.

I roſe

I roſe abruptly from table; admiration of his conduct ſtruck with electric force to the centre of my heart. I put forth my hand, to meet his; when Miſs Hanbury exclaimed, "Angelic being!" Her words arreſted my arm, and chilled the glowing impulſe which Sir Sidney's generoſity had awakened; I could have idolized the mind, which, ſpurning the baſe trammels of ſelf-intereſt, dared act ſo nobly! But I could not bear to hear ſuch an eulogium from the mouth of Iſabella.

As the evening ſky began to redden, we repaired to the park, the cloſing hour being ſerene, and the breezes having cooled the atmoſphere. Colonel Aubrey walked with Mr. Hanbury, his ſiſter, and myſelf; while Sir Sidney loitered behind in ſerious converſation with his mother, and by the tones of his voice evidently expoſtulating with her on the

ſubject

ſubject of his uncle's viſit. She ſeemed inexorable. We rambled about till twilight: Sir Sidney was unremitting in his attentions to his gallant relation. As the weſtern glow began to ſhut in, and we were deſcending the path from the ſummit of a mountain, Colonel Aubrey ſtopped abruptly: "I once thought this a beautiful proſpect!" ſaid he, ſighing as he contemplated the rich domains of Glenowen.

"And I lament that you ſhould have cauſe to contemplate it with a ſigh," interrupted Sir Sidney. "But Fortune is an envious jade, and eternally at war with juſtice!"

His countenance, as he uttered theſe words, aſſumed a degree of expreſſion which I had never before witneſſed: a tear ſtarted from his eye; and his features became more touching than vivacity ever could have made them. We returned to ſupper; my couſin

was penſive and melancholy during the remainder of the evening: he availed himſelf of every opportunity to converſe with his uncle: his voice was low, but his manner was energetic: Lady Aubrey was reſtleſs and impatient, till the hour arrived when the party ſeparated.

CHAP. XXI.

I RETURNED to the parſonage abſorbed in meditation. Sir Sidney's conduct only ſerved to render the pangs of jealouſy more acute than ever. She cannot do otherwiſe than love him! thought I. He is too generous, too exquiſitely worthy, not to impreſs the female heart with admiration bordering on idolatry! Fully convinced of this opinion, during the whole of the following morning I

ſhunned Iſabella; for I dreaded to hear her utter thoſe ſentiments with which the liberal Sir Sidney inſpired every boſom.

There was a frankneſs about Colonel Aubrey, which ſeemed the prominent feature of his mind. The jocoſe, yet feeling manner in which he unfolded his neceſſities, diſplayed an ingenuouſneſs of character, which convinced me, more than ever, that truth, in all the varying paths of life, is beautiful and faſcinating. I would have made a pilgrimage to the fartheſt part of the creation, could my journey have rendered the moſt trifling benefit to ſuch a man. The contraſt he preſented when compared with Lady Aubrey, ſpread ſuch deformity over all her mental features, that the contemplative eye turned from them with abhorrence. To become the idolator of virtue, let the pupil of nature explore the labyrinths of vice. They need only

only be known, to be ſhunned and deteſted.

My couſin invited the ſame party to dinner on the following day. Lady Aubrey had pleaded indiſpoſition the whole morning, as the cauſe of remaining in her chamber; though her motives originated in her determination to avoid Colonel Aubrey. Sir Sidney received us before dinner, and I ſtill remarked that caſt of thought, which had ſo ſuddenly checked his vivacity on the preceding evening. The contraſt which his penſive manner preſented in compariſon with his former flow of animation, was too ſtriking to paſs unobſerved, even by an indifferent eye; but to mine that looked towards my couſin's conduct, as the taliſman which influenced all its proſpects—which bade it ſee the dawn of returning hope, or pour the ſtarting tear at the anticipation of deſpair, the ſmalleſt change was of infinite importance.

At

At table, Lady Aubrey was more than uſually haughty and reſerved, as if to check the importunities which ſhe expected on the former ſubject. A cold and general ſalutation when ſhe entered the dining-room, indicated that frozen avarice which placed a ſhield before her heart to repel the gentle touches of pity and benevolence. Living only for herſelf, ſhe knew no throb of ſympathy for thoſe who, with more virtue, were leſs happy; while under the plauſible pretext of enriching one darling object, ſhe denied the commiſerating ſigh to all the reſt of the creation.

At dinner Lady Aubrey renewed the ſubject of the former debate, but in language ſo chilling, that every hearer anticipated her deciſion. After placing herſelf in an attitude of ceremonious rigidity, and ſettling every feature by the rules of repulſive form, ſhe opened the important buſineſs.

" I have

"I have been thinking," cried Lady Aubrey, addreſſing herſelf to the brave petitioner, "of your very ridiculous requeſt; and really, upon mature conſideration, wholly diveſted of prejudice, I do not feel juſtified in robbing Sir Sidney, to feed your inordinate extravagance."

"Suppoſe my nephew conſents to the ſacrifice," ſaid Colonel Aubrey, with a mixture of diffidence and chagrin, which was felt by every one preſent.

"Your nephew, Sir," continued my aunt, "is not capable of judging in a matter of ſuch infinite importance; indeed, if he had the experience of age, I have made an oath, which no earthly power ſhall ever induce me to violate, never while I live, to do what is abſurdly called a good natured action."

"Horrible, ſelf-intereſted woman!" cried Mr. Hanbury, who ſat next to me at the lower end of the table.

Lady

Lady Aubrey proceeded—"Three thouſand pounds, give me leave to tell you, Colonel, is a ſum of great magnitude: Sir Sidney has had to rebuild the manor-houſe, and my loſſes, when the old manſion was conſumed, were very conſiderable. We have likewiſe to provide for Walſingham, who muſt ſome way or other be ſet forward in the world, for he cannot ſtarve; and you have perhaps heard that he has no means of ſubſiſtence."

"Never till this moment," replied Colonel Aubrey; "but I believe that your ladyſhip is miſtaken in the eſtimate of Mr. Ainsforth's fortune; he has proſpects which place him far above want, and the means to live, beyond the reach of oſtentation."

Lady Aubrey ſmiled; it was the ſmile of ſcepticiſm; Sir Sidney's agitation was viſible.

"I ſhall be glad to hear Mr. Ainsforth relinquiſh his expectations from me," ſaid

ſaid my aunt; "for Heaven knows, I have uſes enough for my money, beſides beſtowing it on poor relations."

"Then your wiſhes ſhall be gratified, madam," ſaid I, ſomewhat impatiently; "for, from this hour, I relinquiſh my claim in favour of one who is more entitled to your friendſhip."

"Your claim!" cried Lady Aubrey trembling with rage and indignation; "I believe, Sir, you will find ſome difficulty in relinquiſhing that which you never poſſeſſed. Had you ever any reaſon to hope for a proviſion from me?"

"Never!" anſwered I, with a ſigh which I could not ſuppreſs: "and yet, had your heart been gifted with the throb of human feeling—had you been more like my angelic mother, and leſs eſtranged from every characteriſtic of your reſpected father—I ſhould have owned my claims, and had them readily acknowledged; but my pride will never yield to aſſert that propinquity

which

which would only ſerve to ſtigmatize my nature."

"One would think," cried Lady Aubrey, "that you had been taught humility by living ſo long on the bounty of Mr. Hanbury, who, I am ſorry to perceive, has only poiſoned your mind, by raiſing your expectations above your fortune."

"My fortune will always be equal to my expectations, madam," ſaid I, riſing from table and advancing towards the door; "for I was taught to feel long ſince how far I might depend upon your kindneſs. Time has neither exhilarated my hopes nor augmented my vanity: I know that I muſt exerciſe my faculties; for I never will debaſe my feelings by flattering the unworthy."

"Inſolent beggar!" exclaimed my aunt.

"Ungenerous woman!" interrupted Colonel Aubrey; "he ſhall not want your friendſhip; I will adopt him; he ſhall have

have a ſoldier's fortune; I will give him a commiſſion in my regiment, and we will henceforth ſeek death or proſperity together: for may I be diſgraced, if ever I withdraw my protection on this ſide the grave."

"And I will be your companion," added Sir Sidney, riſing abruptly from table.

"*You* enter the army!" cried Lady Aubrey.

"Why not, madam?" replied my couſin; "is it not better to periſh than to live the ſlave of avarice? My heart is burſting with compunction; I feel that I am infamous! Colonel Aubrey," continued Sir Sidney, "I muſt ſpeak with you in private."

They roſe to quit the room, and Lady Aubrey fainted.

Iſabella flew towards the door, and ſnatching Sir Sidney's hand, conjured him to return. He ſuffered himſelf to

be

be led back to his mother's chair, ſcarcely knowing by whom he was conducted. He was convulſed with agitation; he trembled, grew pale, and, in the anguiſh of his heart, curſed his untoward fortune which deſtined him to be the victim of a ſordid parent. Lady Aubrey in a few minutes began to revive; her countenance was eagerly inquiſitive; ſhe looked earneſtly round, but her meaning was a myſtery. "Sidney," ſaid ſhe, with a tremulous and agitated voice, "command your fortune, obey the dictates of your heart; but recall your raſh and unfeeling menace."

"Madam, I crave your pardon," replied Sir Sidney, "but you who taught me to be unfeeling muſt not reproach me. Both Heaven and yourſelf can witneſs that I am not raſh: I have been patient, even to my own diſhonour.—You are my mother, and as ſuch I am willing to reſpect you; but nature will

revolt, when perſecution wrings the heart; and even a parent's rights loſe their inſtinctive powers, when tyranny takes place of reaſon and affection."

Lady Aubrey's agitation increaſed with every word Sir Sidney uttered, till ſhe roſe and retired to her chamber.

In half an hour Mrs. Blagden delivered a letter to Colonel Aubrey, containing a draft for the ſum he requeſted, and an apology for not appearing, on account of indiſpoſition. In the courſe of the day I made a ſerious propoſal to accompany Colonel Aubrey on his return to Gibraltar; Sir Sidney implored me to relinquiſh the idea; repeated the warmeſt profeſſions of friendſhip, and aſſured me that, if I would remain at Glenowen, I ſhould ſhare his fortune: I thanked him, but declined the offer. A fortnight paſſed, and nothing material happened.

Colonel

Colonel Aubrey, notwithſtanding my readineſs to accede to his propoſal, would not ſuffer me to decide raſhly on an event which might form the main ſpring of every future action. He was ſenſible that my expectations were few, and my proſpects clouded; he knew that all my hopes depended on the caprice of a proud, vindictive woman, whoſe mind was contaminated by avarice, and at the ſame time devoted to oſtentation. He conſidered my ardent deſire to enter a profeſſion which is always dazzling to a young mind, as the offspring of pique rather than the reſult of diſpaſſionate reflection. Mr. Hanbury united in diſſuading me from my purpoſe: he had ever wiſhed me to ſtudy divinity; he felt a philanthropic repugnance to the purſuit of ſanguinary warfare, and never heard the exultations of a victory, without heaving a ſigh for the miſeries of the vanquiſhed. I had for ſeveral days

abſented myſelf from the manor-houſe, when I again urged him to ſanction Coloñel Aubrey's propoſal; he ſhuddered—while I pleaded the ambition of a warm and youthful boſom, where every vein panted for independence. Iſabella was preſent during our converſation; ſhe ſeemed tenderly intereſted in my fate, and eagerly expreſſed her hopes that I would relinquiſh my project. "Conſider, Walſingham," ſaid ſhe, with a tone at once earneſt and impreſſive, "your charming couſin has offered you a home, a ſweet aſylum, here at Glenowen.—You were once fond of this mountain ſolitude; the deepeſt ſhade, the moſt barren precipice, had charms for your contemplative imagination: why are you changed? In what reſpect have they loſt their wonted attractions!"

"Iſabella, is it you who aſk this barbarous queſtion?" ſaid I, while the beating of my heart ſcarcely allowed my tongue

tongue the power of utterance. "Can I ever be the aſſociate, the friend of Sir Sidney Aubrey?"

"What ſhould prevent you?" cried Iſabella ſmiling; "with ſuch a companion you cannot fail to be happy; for wherever he goes, felicity muſt follow."

"Are theſe *your* ſentiments, Iſabella?" ſaid I, with emotion which I could no longer ſtifle: "is it the wretched, the diſtracted Walſingham whom you would humble by making him dependent on the object of your affections? Spare me, I conjure you, ſpare me the pang of conſcious degradation; let not the pupil of your brother ſtoop to the baſeneſs of diſhonour."

"Compoſe your mind, my dear Walſingham," interrupted Mr. Hanbury, "and diveſt it of that ſombre prejudice which early events have but too deeply rooted; Sir Sidney Aubrey deſerves that you ſhould think kindly of

him: his virtues, the generoſity of his nature, ſhould intereſt you by congeniality, and place you beyond the reach of obligation; you muſt remain with us; you muſt be the friend, the aſſociate of this noble, this accompliſhed kinſman."

"Periſh the thought!" exclaimed I. "Under all the horrors of approaching events, this ſpot would be a ſcene of torture, which my fortitude would ſhrink at."

"Every ſpot which Sir Sidney inhabits muſt be a terreſtrial paradiſe!" cried Iſabella.

I was almoſt frantic—I could but faintly articulate "I will depart."

I paſſed the remainder of the evening in ſtrolling about the ſkirts of the mountains with my tutor. We converſed inceſſantly on the inhumanity of Lady Aubrey, and Mr. Hanbury's praiſes of Sir Sidney were unbounded: "He is a great favourite of Iſabella's," ſaid

ſaid he, "and I fear that ſhe is more attached to him already than is conſiſtent with the ſafety of her repoſe."—My breath was almoſt loſt as he uttered theſe words; I had not power to make the ſlighteſt comment; he continued.——"Though Sir Sidney is, in every reſpect, amiable, I cannot help trembling, as I anticipate the perils which ſeem in ſtore for Iſabella. Yet, I dare not caution her upon the ſubject; ſuch a proceeding would beſpeak an unworthy ſuſpicion of his honour, and awaken that pride in her boſom, which would wholly deprive me of its confidence."

"Perhaps you are miſtaken," ſaid I faintly.

"Walſingham," replied Mr. Hanbury, "I am the ſtudent of nature; I have long read the book of human life, traced its dark and intricate pages, explored the characters it delineates, and

cannot be deceived by ſo young a novice. But even ſuppoſing I were leſs ſharp-ſighted, I have proofs, inconteſtible proofs, that Sir Sidney is a lover."

"I truſt not Iſabella's!" cried I eagerly.

"I have reaſon to believe that ſhe is the object of his affection," ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"He is too gay, too volatile, to cheriſh a ſerious paſſion," cried I haſtily, dreading to hear the fiat of my deſtiny, and expecting to be convinced of what I feared to know—"He cannot, he does not love."

"He has learnt at leaſt how to paint a lover's ſorrows," replied my tutor, at the ſame time taking a folded paper from his pocket. I trembled—a cold and numbing horror ſeemed to freeze my heart—"If Sir Sidney loves Iſabella—" ſaid I.

"Hear

"Hear what he writes," interrupted Mr. Hanbury, opening the paper, and reading the contents.

O! many are the pangs and keen the woes
Which lovers' tender hearts are doom'd to feel,
When ſighs, half check'd, the timid griefs reveal,
Seeking, in vain, to paint what paſſion knows!
When pulſes throb with agonizing throes,
Which tears, unbidden tears, eſſay to heal,
Falling, like midnight dews, unſeen, that ſteal
To gem with icy drops the dying roſe.
The roſe ſhall live, when o'er the eaſtern ſteep
Returning morn her yellow veil ſhall ſpread;
But when ſhall blighted paſſion ceaſe to weep?
On aching hearts what beam ſhall rapture ſhed?
When ſhall the lover's eye-lids cloſe in ſleep,
Save in the long, laſt ſlumber of the dead!

I was mute with aſtoniſhment; Mr. Hanbury ſmiled: "This is Sir Sidney's hand-writing," ſaid he; and I think the ſubject at leaſt evinces that your young and volatile couſin can feel what he deſcribes."

"Give me the lines," ſaid I, "and leave me to diſcover whether or not

they are Sir Sidney's. Where did you find them?"

"I had them from Iſabella," replied Mr. Hanbury; "ſhe found them between the leaves of a book which ſhe borrowed from Lady Aubrey's library." My breaſt was conſiderably relieved; I breathed more freely, and endeavoured to treat the matter with indifference. "They are merely a tranſlation; they are not my couſin's compoſition," ſaid I; "they bear evident traits of that romantic tenderneſs which diſtinguiſhed the Italian poets; the offspring of theſe cold and petrifying regions knows not how to feel, or to deſcribe the genuine effuſions of a lover's mind." Alas, Roſanna! how plainly did my palpitating boſom contradict the aſſertion!

"How will you convince yourſelf?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"I will queſtion Sir Sidney," anſwered I, "but with ſuch cautious delicacy,

as ſhall neither offend, nor excite ſuſpicion. The repoſe and honour of your ſiſter demand a ſpeedy explanation; if Sir Sidney's motives are thoſe of honourable love, there can be no impediment to his avowal, and Iſabella's felicity." Mr. Hanbury, after ſome moments of heſitation, conſented to relinquiſh the paper; and I panted eagerly for an opportunity which was to decide the important queſtion.

CHAP. XXII.

DURING the remainder of the evening I ſtudiouſly avoided meeting Iſabella. She did not return from Lady Aubrey's till the cloſe of twilight, and as ſoon as I heard her approaching the parſonage, I haſtened to my chamber. Sir Sidney had accompanied her along the park; at the end of the garden I heard him wiſh her "a pleaſant evening with the amiable Walſingham." My blood foamed in every vein: his ironical expreſſion appeared little leſs than a new inſult: ſhe thanked him; I heard them whiſper, and I beheld her, by the light of the moon, tripping, with more than uſual gaiety, along the garden. She ſung an air which Sir Sidney had taught her the preceding evening; every note penetrated

trated my heart, and the hours, till day-break, were paſſed in agony.

Early in the morning I roſe from my pillow, weary with the mental conflicts of the night; and haſtened to the manor-houſe: the firſt perſon I met in the park was Sir Sidney Aubrey: I watched his countenance, and thought it was agitated by the conſciouſneſs of duplicity: I could ſcarcely ſuppreſs my rage; my limbs ſhook with convulſive torture; my heart throbbed with indignation: he was confuſed; his voice faultered, as he addreſſed me; we turned back, and proceeded together towards the houſe. Not a ſyllable paſſed on either ſide till we came to the library door, which opened on the park; I darted forward; Sir Sidney ſtopped abruptly on the threſhold; I obſerved his cheek turn pale, and involuntarily muttered, "Daſtardly hypocrite!" He ruſhed by me into the room, and throw-

ing himſelf on a ſofa, exclaimed, "It ſhall terminate, by Heavens! it ſhall terminate. The fatal ſecret ſhall be unfolded, and I will diſſemble no longer." He roſe haſtily; he rung the bell; a ſervant entered; Sir Sidney demanded, "Where is Lady Aubrey?"

"In her chamber, not yet dreſſed," was the anſwer.

"Send Blagden to inform her," continued my couſin, with a voice low and inarticulate, "that ſhe ſhall ſee me in a few minutes."

He was quitting the library, when I caught his arm and detained him: "Sir Sidney, I requeſt you to ſtay a moment; I have ſomething which I think belongs to you," ſaid I ſternly; "are you conſcious of having loſt any thing? Recollect,—be brief,—be candid."

"Alas! too conſcious am I, Walſingham, that I have loſt a treaſure which

which wealth cannot recover: I have loſt my tranquillity of mind!" replied Sir Sidney.

"I have a paper which I believe is yours," ſaid I, at the ſame time unfolding the ſonnet.

"Keep it," replied Sir Sidney, reddening to ſcarlet, and attempting to eſcape. I ſtill graſped his arm. "Walſingham," continued he, "let go your hold; you know not what you do; this conduct may prove fatal."

"I defy my fate, Sir Sidney; you have deſtroyed my every hope of happineſs," anſwered I with a tremulous tone which betrayed the poignancy of my feelings. Still he ſtruggled to break from me, and ſtill I held his arm. "I wiſh to talk with you on buſineſs of importance: I have much to ſay, and to explain," continued I, "reſpecting Iſabella." He ſtarted—the colour forſook his

his cheek, and the flush of confusion was succeeded by the paleness of despair.

"Of Isabella! Do you wish to speak of Isabella? Oh, Walsingham! have a care," said he; "this is a momentous crisis! you are not conscious to what peril you expose me; you know not how sensibly alive this heart is, which you seek to torture; but if you will be heard, I conjure you to be brief. The miseries of life may terminate, before the triumph of guilt is yet completed. Do you love Isabella?"

"Better than life," answered I.

"Then I am wretched," replied Sir Sidney.

"Did you write these lines?" said I, shewing him the verses which I had received from Mr. Hanbury.

"I did—I cannot deny them—they are mine—the effusions of my heart," answered my cousin, with a voice scarcely

ly audible. "Oh, Walſingham! if you knew the fatal ſecret that wrings my boſom, you would not condemn, but pity me."

"I know, too well I know the ſecret which you cannot veil, by art, or by diſſimulation," ſaid I, quitting my hold, and walking haſtily about the library.

"How am I to comprehend your words?" cried Sir Sidney; "have you diſcovered that,—that,—"

"That you love," ſaid I.

"Whom?" cried my couſin, interrupting me.

"Iſabella."

Sir Sidney ſmiled convulſively; he endeavoured to ſpeak, but could not; he graſped my hand; every feature diſplayed unutterable agitation. At this moment Colonel Aubrey entered the room; Sir Sidney darted by him, and I ſtood like a ſtatue, petrified by conſternation.

"Which

"Which way does the battle turn now?" exclaimed Colonel Aubrey: "this is a new and ſtrange kind of warfare; the victor flies, and the vanquiſhed remains maſter of the field! Sir Sidney whizzed by me like a cannon-ball, and you look as heart-ſick and ghaſtly, as though you were mortally wounded!"

"I am indeed!" anſwered I; "wounded to my heart's innermoſt receſſes. Sir Sidney has added a link to the chain of my misfortunes, which weighs me down and overwhelms my ſenſes. Yet I muſt bear it. Perdition! why *muſt* I bear it? Sir Sidney is but a mortal; I am a man; what are his claims to Iſabella? Fortune! And is the idol of my affections a miſerable venal wretch, whoſe charms are to be bartered at the altar of avarice? Will the adventitious gifts of chance preponderate in the ſcale, againſt the ſuperior rights of truth, and long-proved attachment? Oh God! can Iſabella

bella ſo far forget her own perfections, as to beſtow the treaſures of her mind upon a ſtranger? a gay, capricious, trifling libertine! Impoſſible! She never ſhall be his; he ſhall die, before I will patiently relinquiſh the only hope, the only treaſure that ſweetens life."

"This is madneſs!" exclaimed Colonel Aubrey; "nothing leſs than the moſt unnatural frenzy! If Miſs Hanbury loves Sir Sidney Aubrey, and is beloved by him, you cannot violate the laws of reaſon, by an act of deſperation ſo unjuſtifiable. You ſay that Iſabella is dear to you, and yet for the gratification of a ſelfiſh paſſion you would deſtroy her happineſs eternally."

His words awoke reflections, till then ſubdued by the conflicts of my mind. Deſtroy the happineſs of Iſabella! The idea electrified my heart. I quitted the library, and walked haſtily on the lawn which

which led to the park. I was agonized and diſtracted. Colonel Aubrey followed me. The big drops paced down my forehead, when Iſabella came forth from the wood, and flew towards us. Never did ſhe appear half ſo lovely! The wind had diſhevelled her beautiful hair; exerciſe had deepened the ſoft tints of her complexion, and her eyes ſparkled with liquid luſtre! Her firſt inquiries were after Sir Sidney. My miſery was undeſcribable.

"Walſingham," ſaid ſhe, "you ſeem unwell; has any thing diſtreſſed you? Have you ſeen your couſin?"

Colonel Aubrey glanced ſignificantly towards me; his looks augmented my humiliation. Iſabella proceeded towards the library, and we followed.

There was an inquietude about Miſs Hanbury, that confirmed my ſuſpicions more ſtrongly than ever. How eaſy is

it,

it, at the ſame moment, to love, to hate, to pity, and to deſpiſe! What ſhadows do we conjure up to fright our reaſon from the tranſient gleam of happineſs, which is ſo ſcantily allowed us!—While I was eagerly occupied in watching Iſabella's looks and actions, Sir Sidney returned. She inſtantly transferred all her attentions, and addreſſed to him a thouſand trifling queſtions, which he anſwered ſo incoherently, that ſhe, at length, remarked it, and rallied him on his melancholy humour. His whole ſoul ſeemed abſorbed in gloomy meditation; his eyes were alternately directed towards Miſs Hanbury and myſelf. My ſituation was perplexing in the extreme: I had not reſolution to quit the library; and every moment augmented my dilemma, while I remained a ſilent ſpectator of Sir Sidney's agony and Iſabella's attentions.

This

This diſtreſſing embarraſſment to all parties was interrupted by Colonel Aubrey, who requeſted that I would walk with him towards the mountain—"And I will accompany you," ſaid Miſs Hanbury; "for as Sir Sidney ſeems inclined to meditation, I ſhall only interrupt him." My couſin ſtarted from his reverie, and ſnatching her hand, exclaimed—"I entreat you not to leave me; I have much to ſay;—and Heaven knows when I ſhall have another opportunity." Iſabella laughed at Sir Sidney's impreſſive manner, and, taking my arm, advanced towards the library door.

"Walſingham," cried my couſin, "I conjure you not to require Miſs Hanbury's company: I am too unhappy already to bear an accumulation of diſtreſs."

I looked an appeal to Iſabella; ſhe ſtopped, and ſeemed undecided.

"If

"If it is a matter of indifference," ſaid I, with more petulance than wiſdom, "pray do not heſitate to gratify Sir Sidney; perhaps, that which he has to communicate will intereſt you nearly, and I have nothing to diſcloſe but what you know already." She heſitated no longer, but with a ſmile, half piqued and half reproving, accompanied me towards the park.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

15
73
OCT